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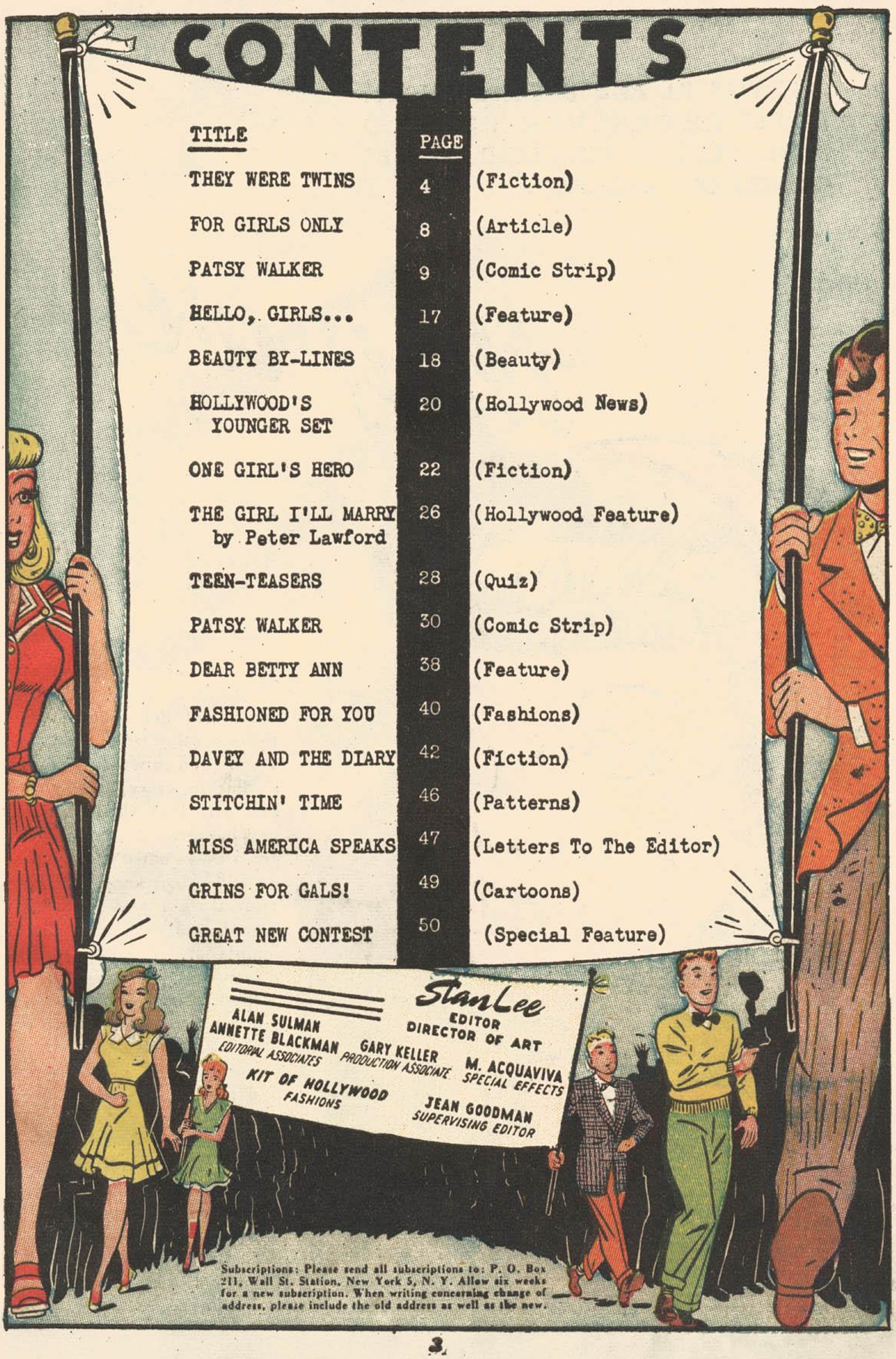

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Stan Lee
EDITOR
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ANNETTE BLACKMAN
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M. ACQUAVIVA
SPECIAL EFFECTS
KIT OF HOLLYWOOD
FASHIONS
JEAN GOODMAN
SUPERVISING EDITOR

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ONE WAS ILL AND UNSUSPECTING... AND SO THE OTHER MADE HER WICKED PLANS; PLANS WHICH COULD ONLY BE CARRIED OUT BECAUSE.....

they were TWINS

Illustrated by Syd Shores

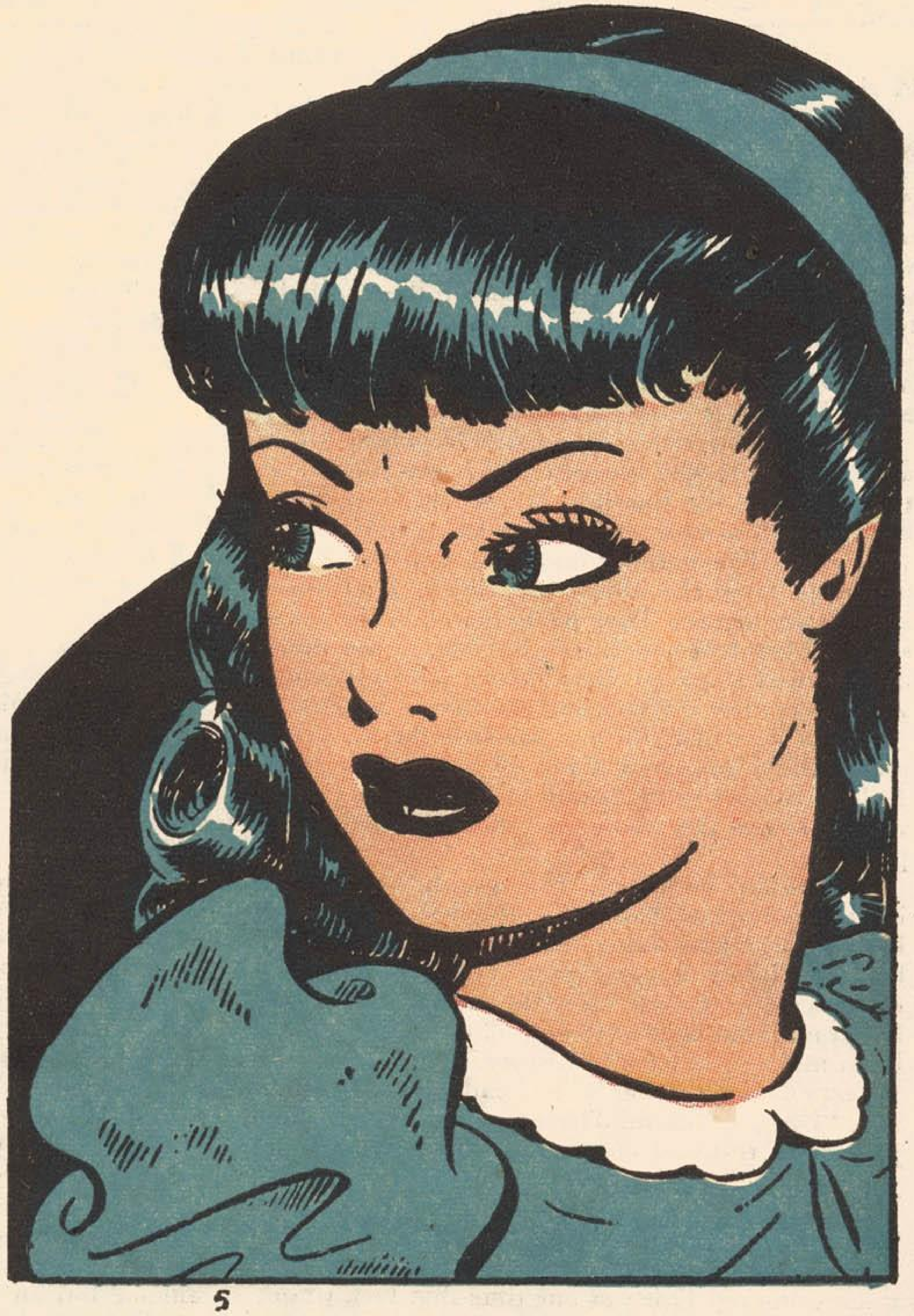
By ROSALIE F. WILSON

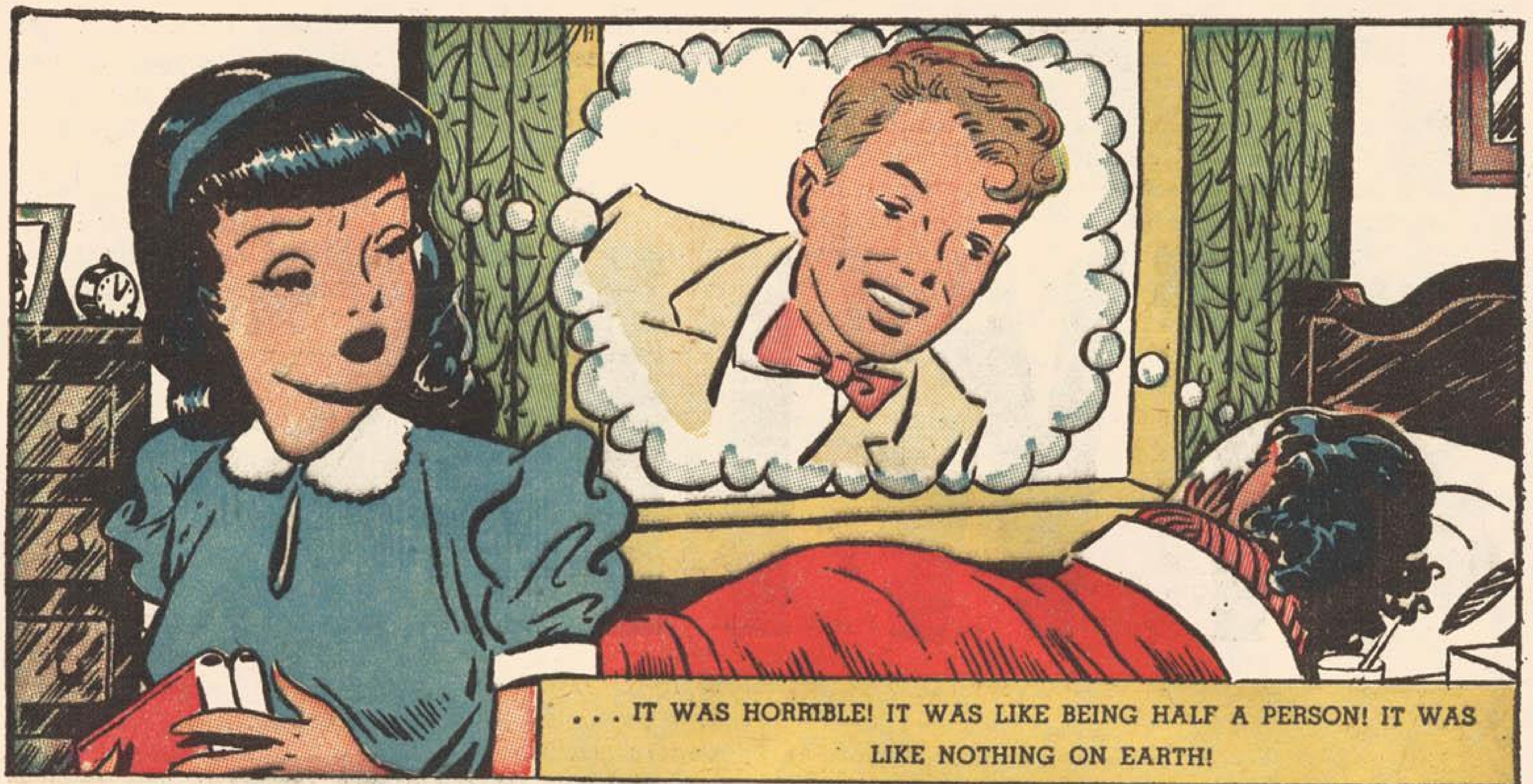
It could never have happened at all if Terry and Helen Innes had not been identical twins, but they were, at least outwardly, and outwardly they were similar in every detail. Their hair curled around their shoulders in precise duplication, their green eyes slanted just the merest trifle, their noses were short and straight and identically carved, and each had a small dimple at the corner of her mouth.

From the time they started kindergarten together, they had fooled classmates and teachers by sitting in each other's seats and answering to each other's names. But it was so incredibly easy that they had long since given up the game. There was no challenge, no possible chance of detection.

Terry Innes sat on the green satin hassock, her chin in her hand and stared at her sister Helen in bed, the covers pulled up smoothly to her chin. "What a break. Healthy all season and you have to come down with flu at examination time. What do you suppose will happen? They can't leave you back in every subject for missing final examinations. Or can they?"

Helen sneezed, reached for a tissue and wiped her streaming eyes. She shook her head on the gleaming white pillowcase. "They'll pass me in everything but history. My grades have been good enough for that. But I'm shaky in History. The exam could have pulled me through."




. . . IT WAS HORRIBLE! IT WAS LIKE BEING HALF A PERSON! IT WAS LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH!

Terry shook her head and the silky hair swung in ripples. "Tough."

"You don't know how tough," Helen said wistfully.

Terry smiled a small crooked smile. Oh don't I, she thought. Lanny Carter is in History III. And next term Lanny will be in History IV, and so will little Terry. She felt a surge of triumph. Lanny was class president, and captain of the football team, and not a bad double for Rory Calhoun. Up to now he had divided his attentions equally between the twins, but Terry knew that she could annex him easily if only Helen were out of the way.

She eyed her sister speculatively. There were actually people who thought that it was fun being twins. Fun! It was horrible. It was like living with a full-length mirror. It was like being half a person. It was like nothing on earth. And there was no escape from the ubiquitous Helen. They were in the same classes. They participated in the same sports. They had cokes, side by side, in the same drugstore at the same time. There were moments when Terry felt trapped and smothered by Helen.

And now, when she had reached the breaking point, there appeared a ray of hope. Next term Helen wouldn't be in History IV, but Lanny Carter would. It was the answer to years of inarticulate prayer.

"It wouldn't be so bad," Helen said, "except that it will separate us. Golly. For the first time in our lives we won't be doing the same thing together. I'll hate being without you, Terry. Maybe . . ." she sneezed and came up with another tissue, "we might not even be able to graduate together unless I can make up a term in history."

Terry looked at her watch and jumped to her feet. "I've got to run. The exam's at eleven. You just try to rest and not worry. Doc Marlowe said you could get up Monday if you behave yourself."

Helen smiled the sweet, wide smile that was so different from Terry's. "Good luck, sis."

"Thanks," Terry said. She swung out of the room grinning. This was one time that luck wasn't going to matter. Terry too had been shaky in history, but that didn't matter either. She had had a whole evening in which to examine the History Quiz. It had cost her five dollars and the intensive cultivation of that awful goon Miss Birdie, who assisted Miss Lemming the history teacher, but it had been worth it.

Terry breezed through the examination with ease. When she heard the bell sound and she handed in her paper, she had difficulty keeping a straight face.

And then, when she reached the door, Miss Lemming called her back. "Miss Innes."

Terry turned slowly, her heart hammering. "Yes, Miss Lemming?"

Miss Lemming pushed her glasses up further on her nose. "How is Helen?"

Terry released a long, pent-up breath. "Better," she said. "She'll probably be up next week."

"Mmm," said Miss Lemming. "I was sorry she had to miss the examination."

"It's a shame," Terry said dolefully.

"Yes it is," Miss Lemming said. "She has tried so hard all term that it just doesn't seem fair." She pondered a moment. "You tell Helen that I will prepare a special examination for her and she can take it alone a week from today. Eleven o'clock."

Walking home, Terry raged inwardly. A special examination. And with a whole week in which to cram, Helen would probably pass it too. Which meant that next term she wouldn't have even the relief of one class alone.

Suddenly her eyes narrowed thoughtfully. There was no reason why she couldn't take Helen's place in the examination room on the specified date. She didn't have to mention the special exam to Helen at all. And they had impersonated each other often enough for Terry to know that Miss Lemming would never know the difference. It was true that Helen's writing differed from hers, but Terry could fake the backhand well enough to fool anyone but an expert.

Slowly Terry's shoulders squared. It was foolproof. She could answer some of the questions right, but there wouldn't be enough right answers. Helen would fail and next term Terry would have History IV and Lanny Carter to herself.

It was easier than she had expected. Helen had lain down for a nap at ten and was sound asleep by ten forty-five when Terry left the house. She hurried over to the school, up the wide white steps and through the main corridor to Room 104 where Miss Lemming waited.

She paused just inside the door, pulled a tissue out of her pocket and rubbed her nose.

"Helen, my dear," said Miss Lemming. "How are you feeling?"

Terry sneezed convincingly. "Much better thank you. And I wanted to tell you how nice it was of you to give me this chance."

"You deserved it. You worked hard this term and I realize that you have difficulty with history. That's why I wanted to give you every opportunity to pass."

Terry accepted the quiz and settled herself at a desk. She uncapped her fountain pen, bent her head over the sheet before her and began to write.

It was a toughie all right. Even without deliberately trying to make errors Terry knew that she could never pass. But then she wouldn't have been able to pass the original quiz without the assistance of the prune-faced Miss Birdie.

She finished the last question and looked up timidly. "I guess that's all, Miss Lemming."

"All right, child. Just sign your name at the bottom."

Terry signed the paper with a flourish. She gathered the sheets together and placed them on the teacher's desk.

"Thank you again, Miss Lemming," she said softly and started for the door.

She was halfway down the corridor, treading on buoyant air when Miss Lemming's voice reached her. "*Miss Innes!*"

Terry turned without a word and retraced her steps. The old fool. Now what did she want? No doubts beset Terry. It had been perfect. It had gone like clockwork. There hadn't been the slightest hitch. Blithely she entered the room again.

"Did you call me?"

"I did." Miss Lemming pushed at her glasses with a bony forefinger. "Miss Innes, if there is anything I despise, it is a cheat. And I might add that rarely have I seen such a flagrant example of maliciousness."

Terry stared aghast. It simply wasn't possible that she had been found out.

"You *aren't* Helen at all. I see now that you never even told Helen about this examination. You may correct me if I'm wrong but you wanted to be in History IV without your sister. And I even know why. That young man. . . ." At Terry's start of surprise she said acidly, "I would have to have been a very unobservant woman not to have noticed where your attention lay during the whole of this term. It surprised me when you handed in a perfect paper last week. It was so perfect that I suspected chicanery although I was unable to prove it. But handing in a paper like this today, in your sister's name, is the meanest, most spiteful . . ."

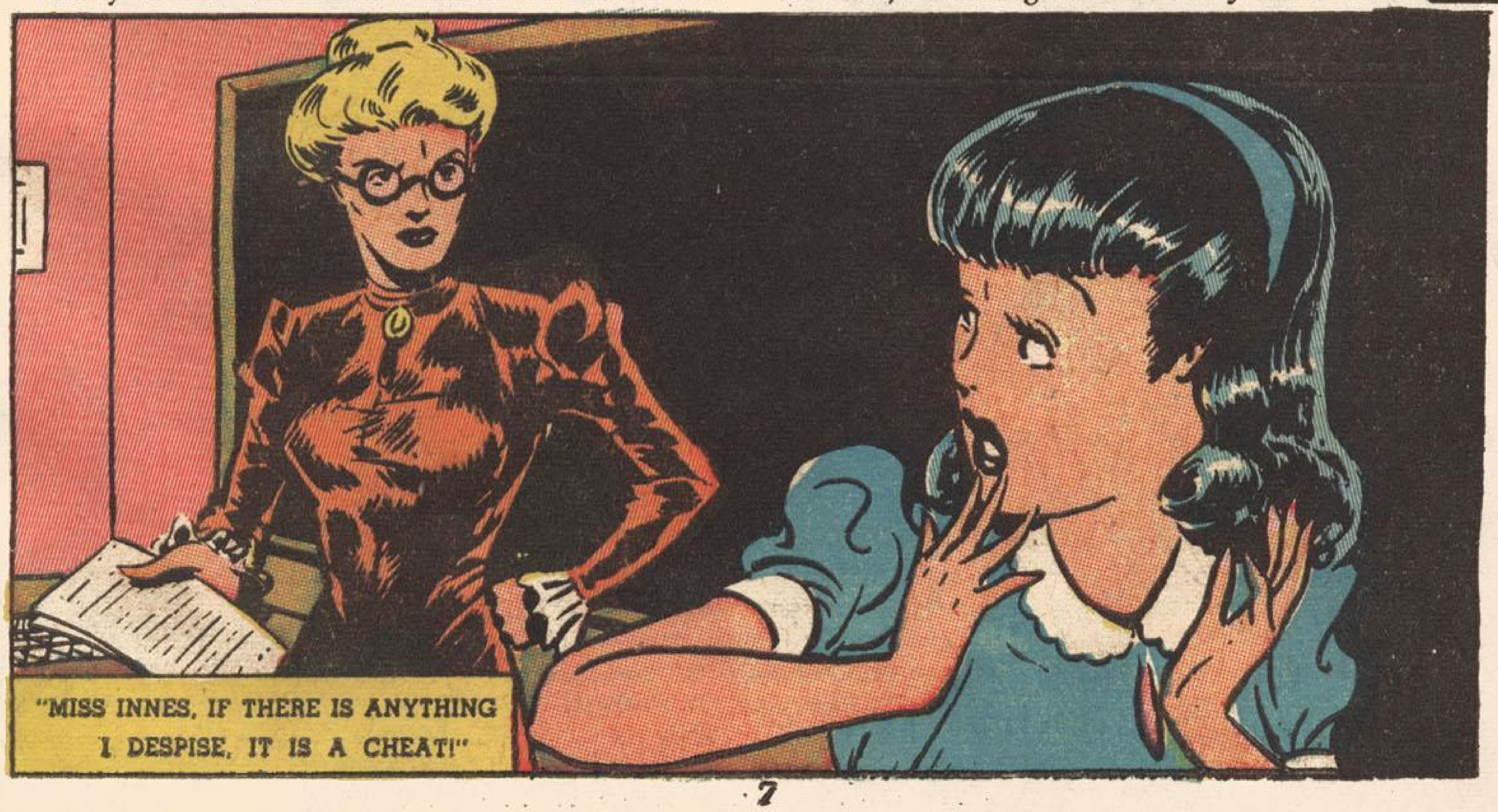
She fixed the girl with a steely eye. "You realize I could have you expelled for this?"

Terry nodded slowly.

"I won't, because I believe that all you need is a lesson and this will be it. You will remain in History III for another term. Your sister will go ahead. I believe that Helen is ready for History IV." She rattled the papers on her desk and looked away. "That is all."

Terry stood uncertainly in the doorway. Finally she blurted, "Miss Lemming, how did you know?"

Without a word the woman handed Terry the papers. The girl looked at them in wonder. It was Helen's handwriting right down to the upward slant over the t's. Slowly she examined it. And then, at the bottom of the last page she saw it. Scrawled triumphantly at the end of the quiz was her name in bold, revealing letters—*Terry Ann Innes.* **THE END**


"MISS INNES, IF THERE IS ANYTHING I DESPISE, IT IS A CHEAT!"

For Girls Only...

PERPLEXED? PUZZLED? PERTURBED? JEAN UNDERSTANDS YOUR PROBLEMS AND CAN HELP YOU FIND A SOLUTION!

By Jean Goodman

Dear Jean,

I am 13, and know a boy who is 4 years older. Our families are well-acquainted, and the boy comes to my house, often. He lends me books, which we discuss with each other. My parents don't approve of our friendship. They claim that a girl of 13, should not see an older boy. Please help me, as I would like to go on seeing this boy.

A. S.

Dear A. S.

I do not think your parents object so much to your friendly discussions with your friend, as much as they do to the possibility of dates, which is often a natural result. Thirteen, they feel (and I quite agree) is a little too young to start dating.

This does not mean, however, that you couldn't have friends over for parties. Invite a group of boys and girls to your house. Let your folks get acquainted with them. I believe when your mother and father get to know your friends better, they will feel more safe and comfortable about letting you go out with them later. It's wonderful to be noticed by a boy for the first time and get that grown-up feeling. But you don't want to feel old and bored by the time you are sixteen, do you? Save some of the fun for later . . . there are years ahead!

Love,
Jean.

Dear Jean,

I have a hot temper and I'm always trying to get my mother to see my point in problems. However, she says I'm trying to pick a quarrel and so she allows my brother to use or take anything I own. He does a lot of snooping in my drawers with my mother's encouragement. Do you think it would be wise for me to put everything under lock and key?

Forever grateful,
Lorraine.

Dear Lorraine,

Your first sentence, I think, might be the clue to your very difficulty . . . your temper! First of all, have a talk with your parents and your brother. Don't lose your temper, but do let them see how much your privacy means to you.

Your idea for a personal "bank" may be a very good one. Make yourself a cupboard which you can lock and put your most personal possessions in. You can make a very cute one by covering big packing boxes with wallpaper. A flat piece of board, the size of the opening can be hinged on for the door, and you can buy a lock and key at the dime store.

Love,
Jean

Dear Jean,

I am self-conscious at parties or whenever I am faced with a large group. I blush and stammer whenever my teacher calls on me in class. Please help me to stop being that way. Thank you.

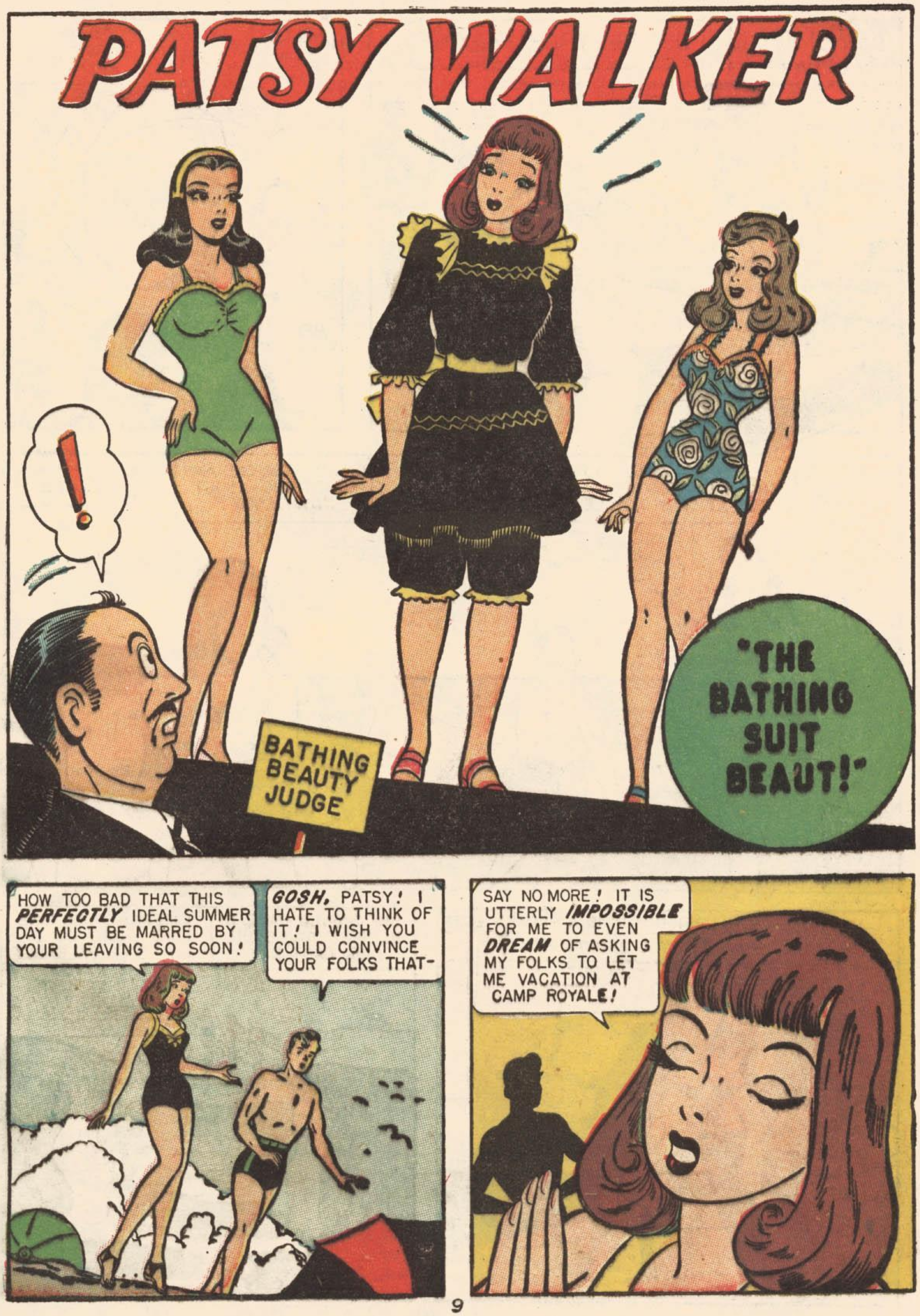
Donna

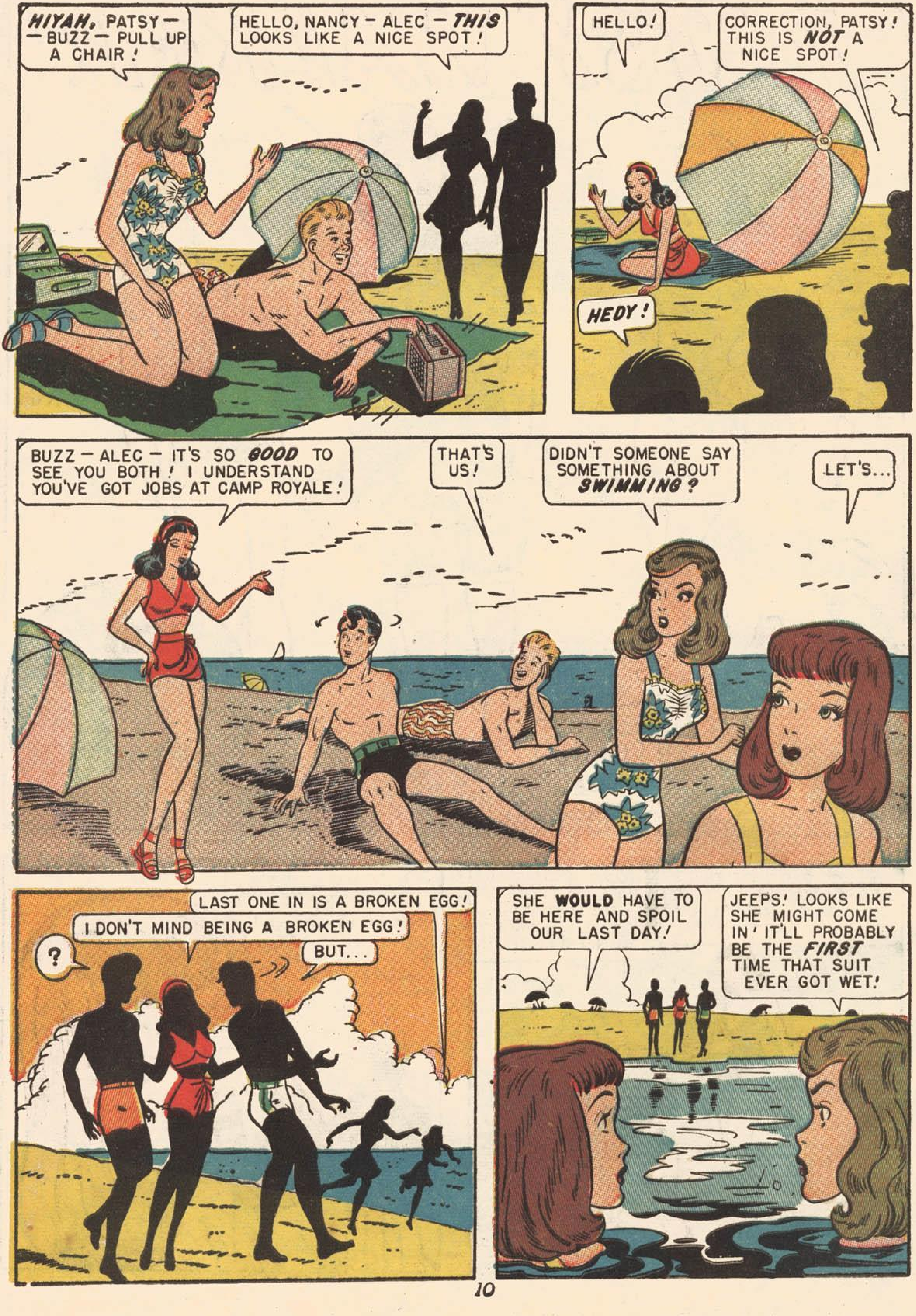
Dear Donna,

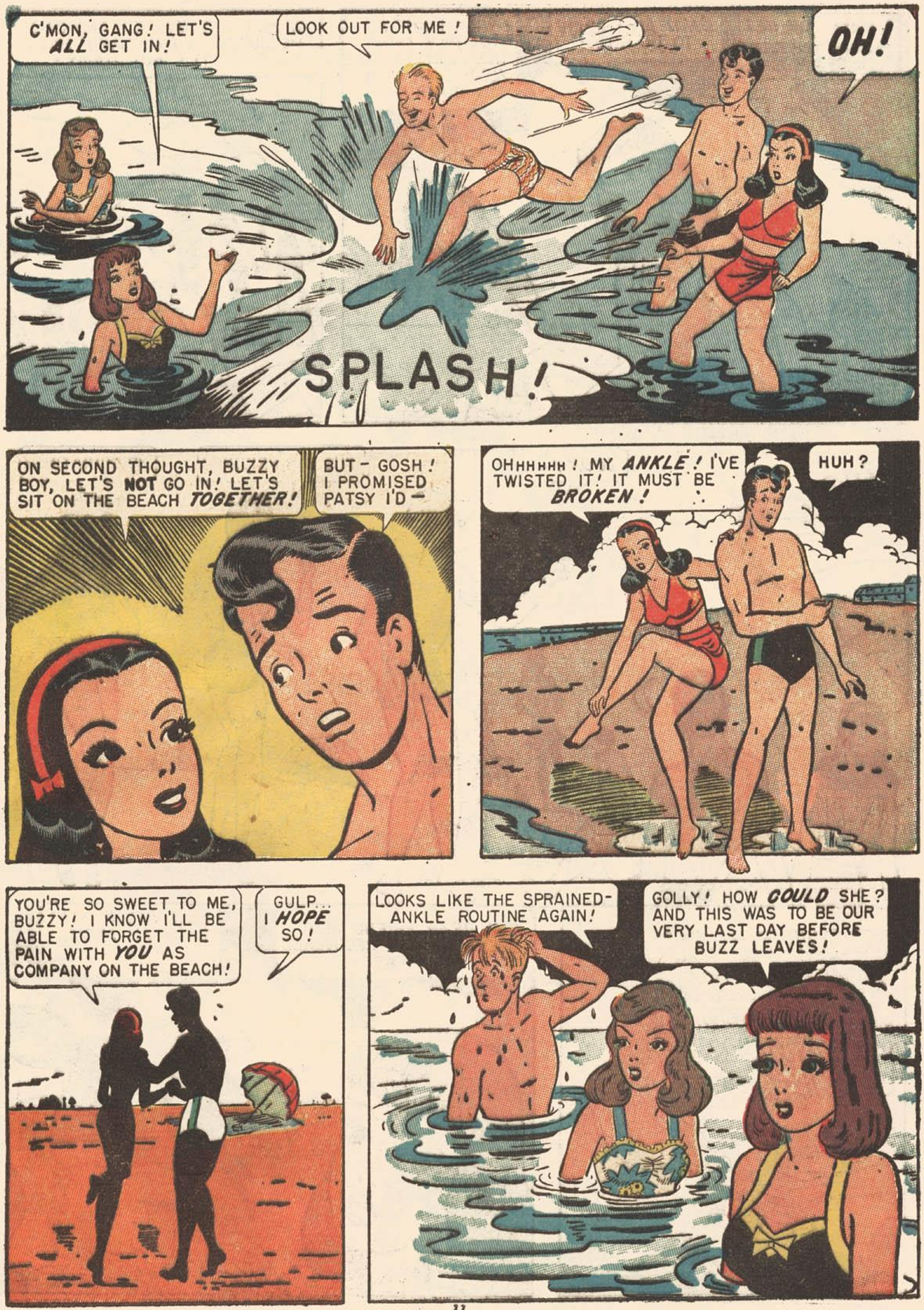
What you complain of is common among teen-agers. I'm sure your friends too, are going through these same painful symptoms. In order to speed up the process of becoming poised and confident, I would suggest you mingle with people, all kinds of people. A job after school, selling in a large department store; the dramatic society or the debating team in school will give you invaluable ease and self-assurance. Dance lessons, too, have often been recommended for greater relaxation. And when you are relaxed, you are natural—and when you are natural, you are at your best! Try it and see!

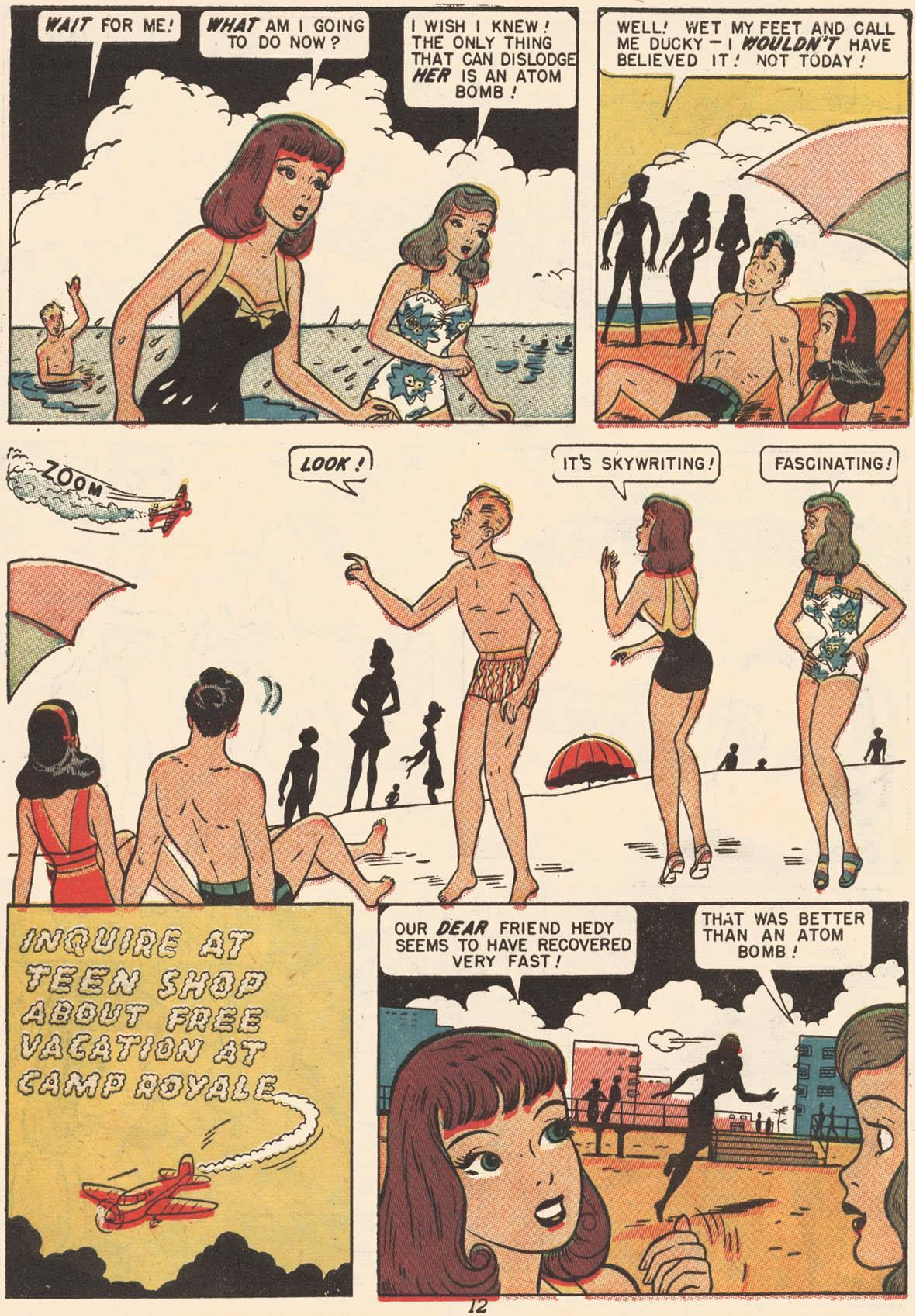
Love,
Jean

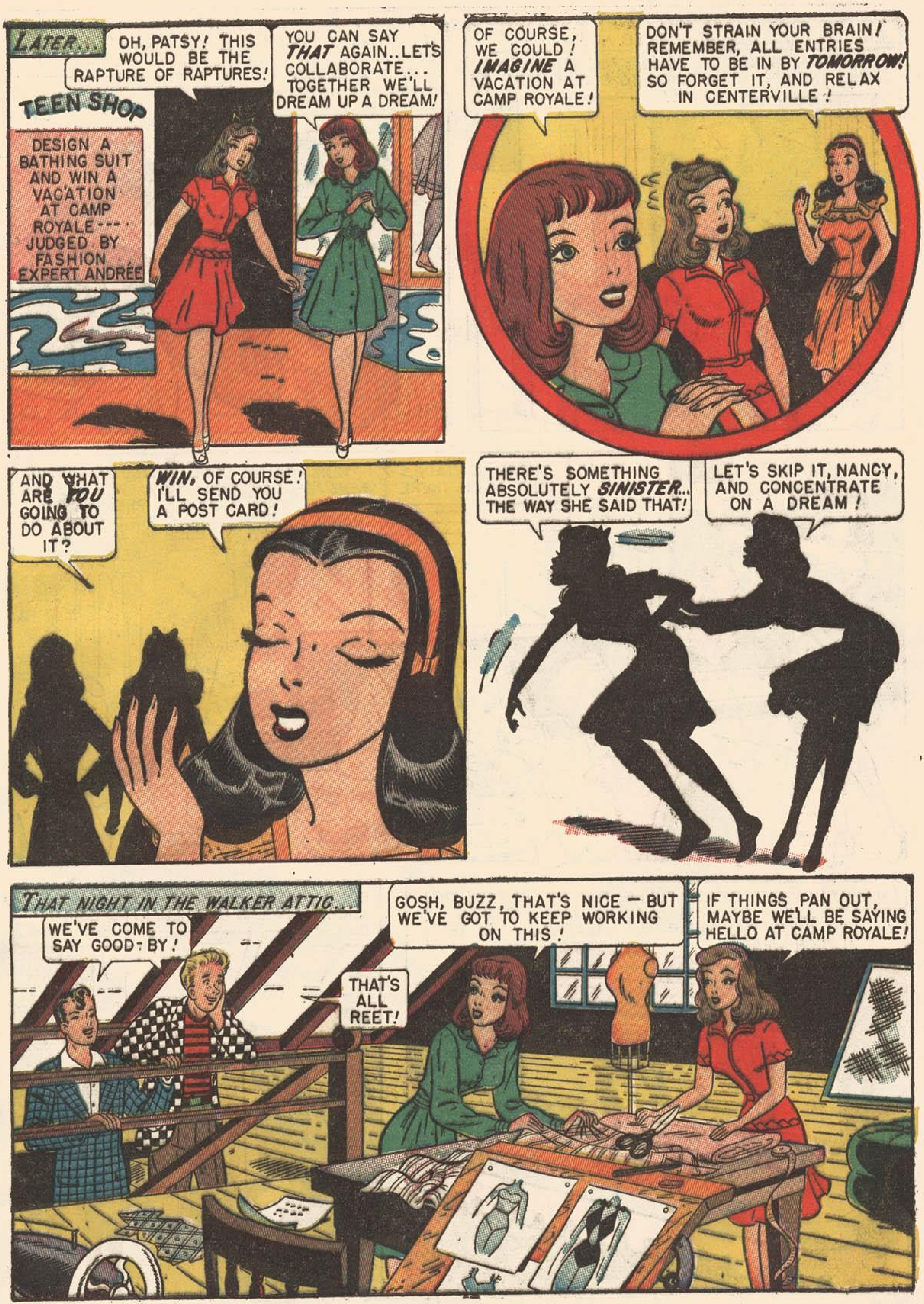
PATSY WALKER

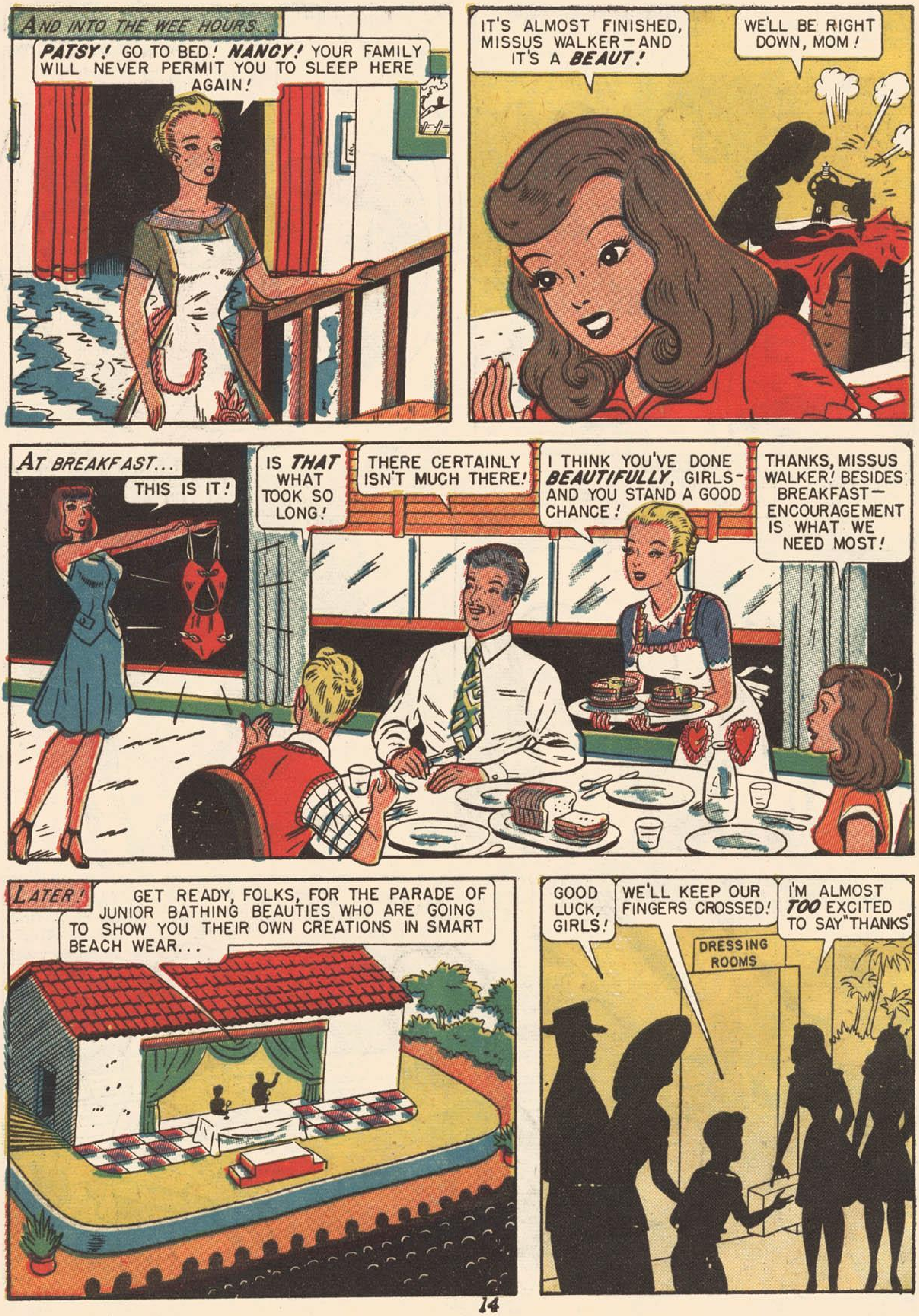

!
BATHING BEAUTY JUDGE
"THE BATHING SUIT BEAUT!"
HOW TOO BAD THAT THIS *PERFECTLY* IDEAL SUMMER DAY MUST BE MARRED BY YOUR LEAVING SO SOON!
GOSH, PATSY! I HATE TO THINK OF IT! I WISH YOU COULD CONVINCE YOUR FOLKS THAT-
SAY NO MORE! IT IS UTTERLY *IMPOSSIBLE* FOR ME TO EVEN *DREAM* OF ASKING MY FOLKS TO LET ME VACATION AT CAMP ROYALE!

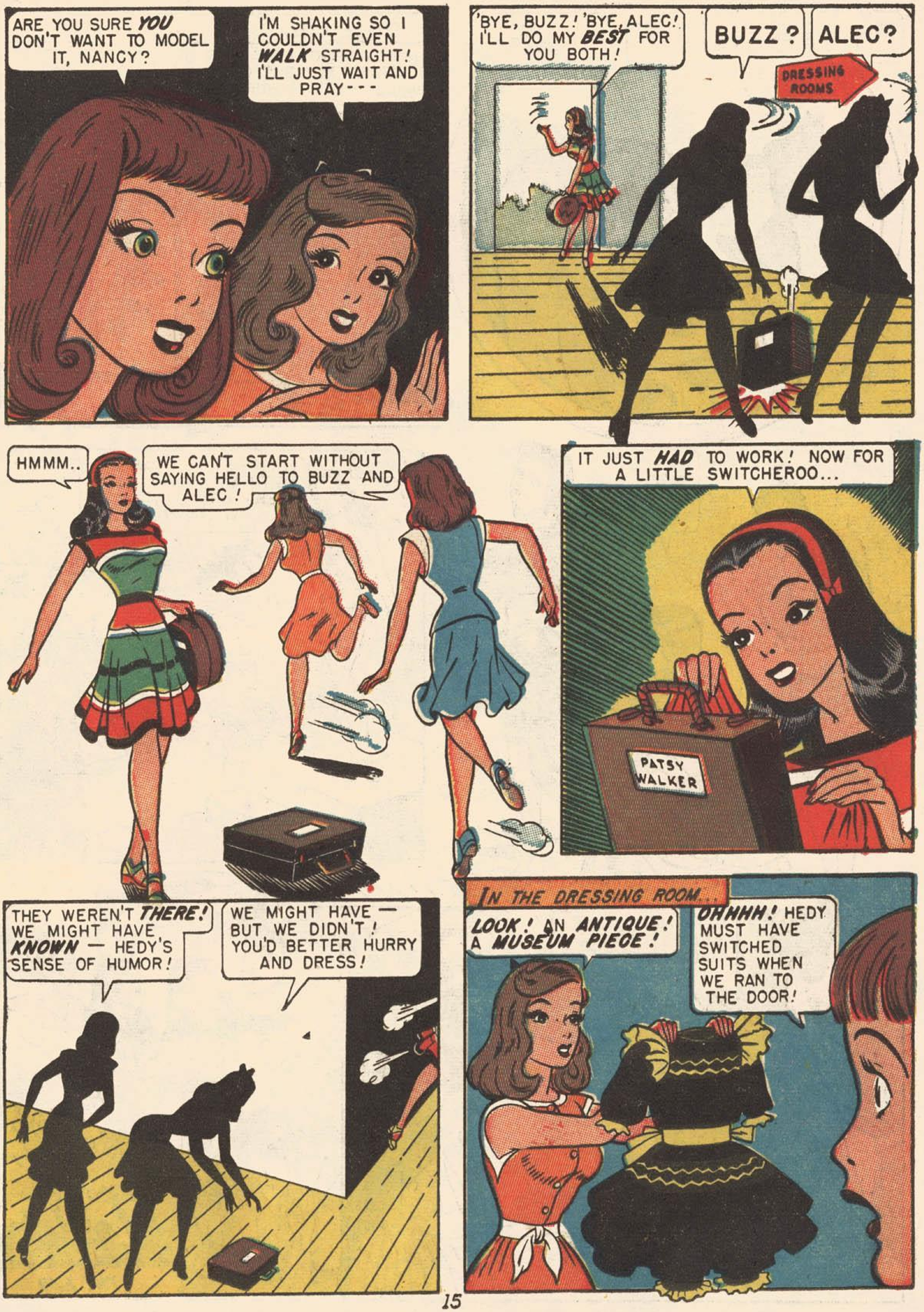

HIYAH, PATSY — — BUZZ — PULL UP A CHAIR!
HELLO, NANCY — ALEC — THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE SPOT!
HELLO!
CORRECTION, PATSY! THIS IS NOT A NICE SPOT!
HEDY!
BUZZ — ALEC — IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU BOTH! I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE GOT JOBS AT CAMP ROYALE!
THAT'S US!
DIDN'T SOMEONE SAY SOMETHING ABOUT SWIMMING?
LET'S...
LAST ONE IN IS A BROKEN EGG!
I DON'T MIND BEING A BROKEN EGG!
?
BUT...
SHE WOULD HAVE TO BE HERE AND SPOIL OUR LAST DAY!
JEEPS! LOOKS LIKE SHE MIGHT COME IN! IT'LL PROBABLY BE THE FIRST TIME THAT SUIT EVER GOT WET!

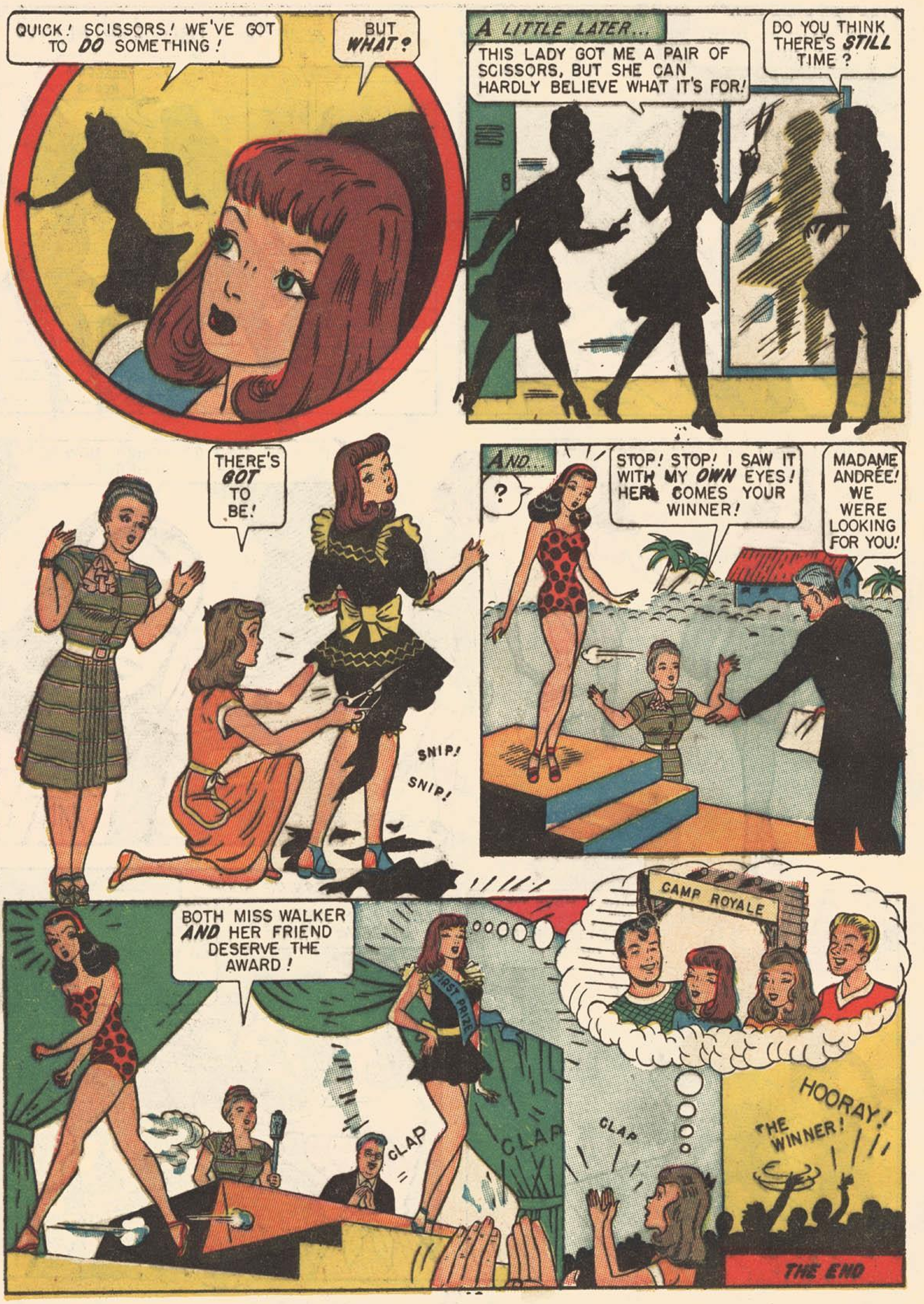

C'MON, GANG! LET'S *ALL* GET IN!
LOOK OUT FOR ME!
OH!
SPLASH!
ON SECOND THOUGHT, BUZZY BOY, LET'S **NOT** GO IN! LET'S SIT ON THE BEACH *TOGETHER!*
BUT - GOSH! I PROMISED PATSY I'D —
OHHHHHH! MY *ANKLE!* I'VE TWISTED IT! IT MUST BE *BROKEN!*
HUH?
YOU'RE SO SWEET TO ME, BUZZY! I KNOW I'LL BE ABLE TO FORGET THE PAIN WITH *YOU* AS COMPANY ON THE BEACH!
GULP... I *HOPE* SO!
LOOKS LIKE THE SPRAINED-ANKLE ROUTINE AGAIN!
GOLLY! HOW *COULD* SHE? AND THIS WAS TO BE OUR VERY LAST DAY BEFORE BUZZ LEAVES!

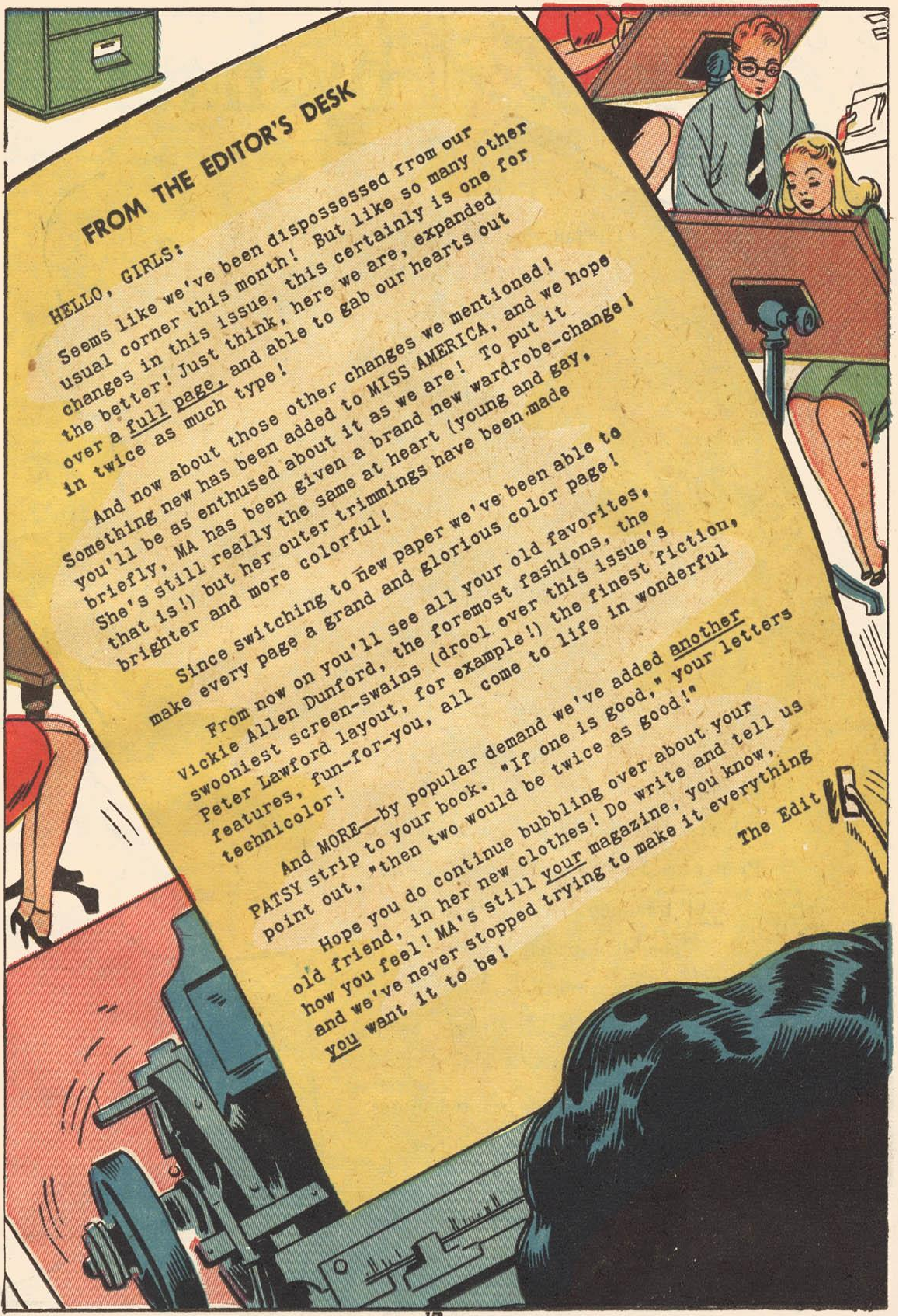

WAIT FOR ME!
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW?
I WISH I KNEW! THE ONLY THING THAT CAN DISLODGE HER IS AN ATOM BOMB!
WELL! WET MY FEET AND CALL ME DUCKY — I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT! NOT TODAY!
ZOOM
LOOK!
IT'S SKYWRITING!
FASCINATING!
INQUIRE AT TEEN SHOP ABOUT FREE VACATION AT CAMP ROYALE
OUR DEAR FRIEND HEDY SEEMS TO HAVE RECOVERED VERY FAST!
THAT WAS BETTER THAN AN ATOM BOMB!


LATER...
OH, PATSY! THIS WOULD BE THE RAPTURE OF RAPTURES!
YOU CAN SAY *THAT* AGAIN.. LET'S COLLABORATE... TOGETHER WE'LL DREAM UP A DREAM!
TEEN SHOP
DESIGN A BATHING SUIT AND WIN A VACATION AT CAMP ROYALE--- JUDGED BY FASHION EXPERT ANDRÉE
OF COURSE, WE COULD! *IMAGINE* A VACATION AT CAMP ROYALE!
DON'T STRAIN YOUR BRAIN! REMEMBER, ALL ENTRIES HAVE TO BE IN BY *TOMORROW!* SO FORGET IT, AND RELAX IN CENTERVILLE!
AND WHAT ARE *YOU* GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
WIN, OF COURSE! I'LL SEND YOU A POST CARD!
THERE'S SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY *SINISTER*... THE WAY SHE SAID THAT!
LET'S SKIP IT, NANCY, AND CONCENTRATE ON A DREAM!
THAT NIGHT IN THE WALKER ATTIC...
WE'VE COME TO SAY GOOD-BY!
THAT'S ALL REET!
GOSH, BUZZ, THAT'S NICE — BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP WORKING ON THIS!
IF THINGS PAN OUT, MAYBE WE'LL BE SAYING HELLO AT CAMP ROYALE!


AND INTO THE WEE HOURS...
PATSY! GO TO BED! NANCY! YOUR FAMILY WILL NEVER PERMIT YOU TO SLEEP HERE AGAIN!
IT'S ALMOST FINISHED, MISSUS WALKER—AND IT'S A BEAUT!
WE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN, MOM!
AT BREAKFAST...
THIS IS IT!
IS THAT WHAT TOOK SO LONG!
THERE CERTAINLY ISN'T MUCH THERE!
I THINK YOU'VE DONE BEAUTIFULLY, GIRLS—AND YOU STAND A GOOD CHANCE!
THANKS, MISSUS WALKER! BESIDES BREAKFAST—ENCOURAGEMENT IS WHAT WE NEED MOST!
LATER!
GET READY, FOLKS, FOR THE PARADE OF JUNIOR BATHING BEAUTIES WHO ARE GOING TO SHOW YOU THEIR OWN CREATIONS IN SMART BEACH WEAR...
GOOD LUCK, GIRLS!
WE'LL KEEP OUR FINGERS CROSSED!
I'M ALMOST TOO EXCITED TO SAY "THANKS"
DRESSING ROOMS


ARE YOU SURE *YOU* DON'T WANT TO MODEL IT, NANCY?
I'M SHAKING SO I COULDN'T EVEN *WALK* STRAIGHT! I'LL JUST WAIT AND PRAY---
'BYE, BUZZ! 'BYE, ALEC! I'LL DO MY *BEST* FOR YOU BOTH!
BUZZ?
ALEC?
DRESSING ROOMS
HMMM..
WE CAN'T START WITHOUT SAYING HELLO TO BUZZ AND ALEC!
IT JUST *HAD* TO WORK! NOW FOR A LITTLE SWITCHEROO...
PATSY WALKER
THEY WEREN'T *THERE*! WE MIGHT HAVE *KNOWN* — HEDY'S SENSE OF HUMOR!
WE MIGHT HAVE — BUT WE DIDN'T! YOU'D BETTER HURRY AND DRESS!
IN THE DRESSING ROOM...
LOOK! AN *ANTIQUE*! A *MUSEUM PIECE*!
OHHHH! HEDY MUST HAVE SWITCHED SUITS WHEN WE RAN TO THE DOOR!


QUICK! SCISSORS! WE'VE GOT TO *DO* SOMETHING!
BUT *WHAT*?
A LITTLE LATER...
THIS LADY GOT ME A PAIR OF SCISSORS, BUT SHE CAN HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT IT'S FOR!
DO YOU THINK THERE'S *STILL* TIME?
THERE'S *GOT* TO BE!
SNIP!
SNIP!
AND...
?
STOP! STOP! I SAW IT WITH MY *OWN* EYES! HERE COMES YOUR WINNER!
MADAME ANDRÉE! WE WERE LOOKING FOR YOU!
BOTH MISS WALKER *AND* HER FRIEND DESERVE THE AWARD!
FIRST PRIZE
CAMP ROYALE
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
HOORAY!
THE WINNER!
THE END



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

HELLO, GIRLS:

Seems like we've been dispossessed from our usual corner this month! But like so many other changes in this issue, this certainly is one for the better! Just think, here we are, expanded over a full page, and able to gab our hearts out in twice as much type!

And now about those other changes we mentioned! Something new has been added to MISS AMERICA, and we hope you'll be as enthused about it as we are! To put it briefly, MA has been given a brand new wardrobe-change! She's still really the same at heart (young and gay, that is!) but her outer trimmings have been made brighter and more colorful!

Since switching to new paper we've been able to make every page a grand and glorious color page!

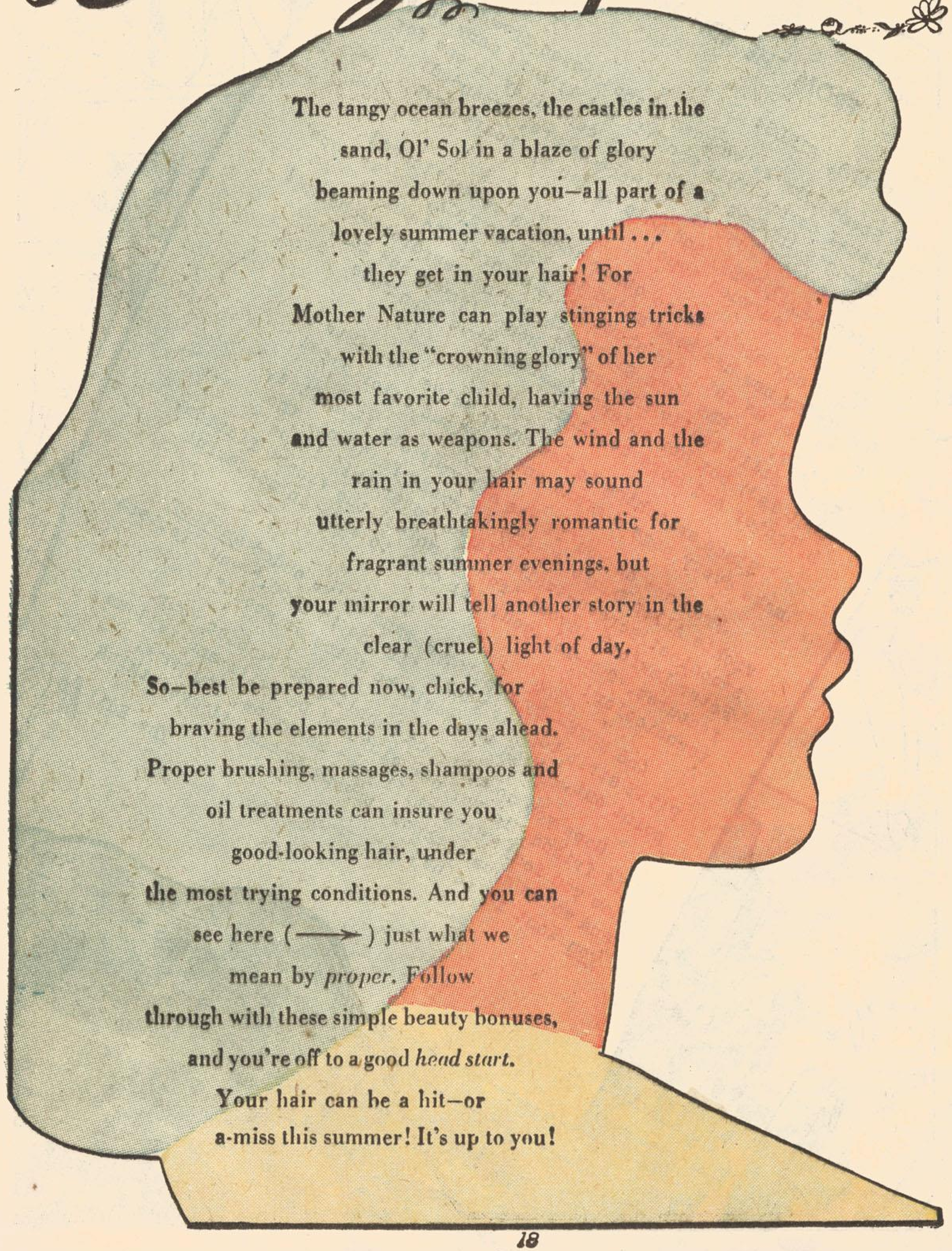
From now on you'll see all your old favorites, Vickie Allen Dunford, the foremost fashions, the swooniest screen-swains (drool over this issue's Peter Lawford layout, for example!) the finest fiction, features, fun-for-you, all come to life in wonderful technicolor!

And MORE—by popular demand we've added another PATSY strip to your book. "If one is good," your letters point out, "then two would be twice as good!"

Hope you do continue bubbling over about your old friend, in her new clothes! Do write and tell us how you feel! MA's still your magazine, you know, and we've never stopped trying to make it everything you want it to be!

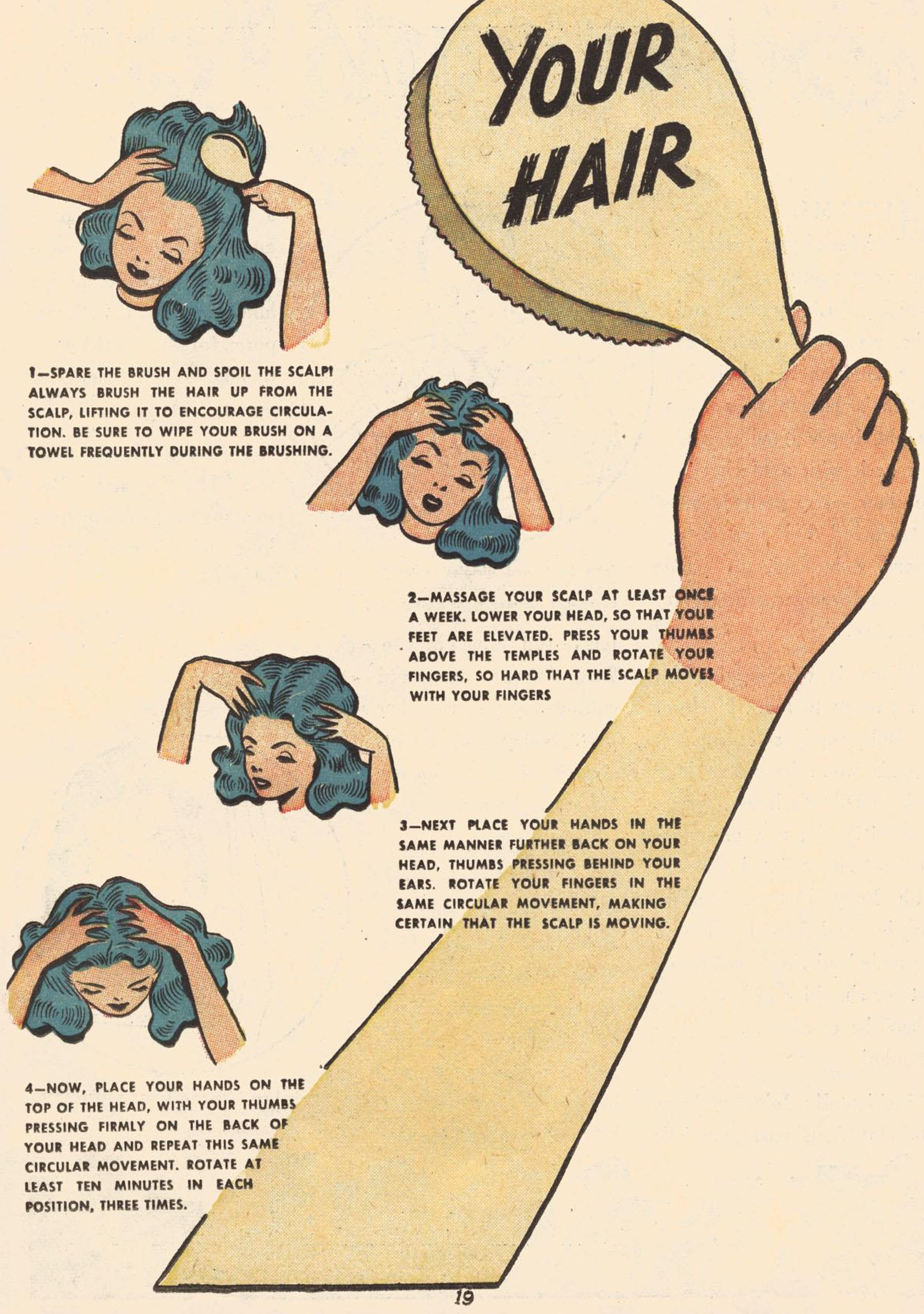
The Edit

Beauty by-lines...



The tangy ocean breezes, the castles in the sand, Ol' Sol in a blaze of glory beaming down upon you—all part of a lovely summer vacation, until . . . they get in your hair! For Mother Nature can play stinging tricks with the "crowning glory" of her most favorite child, having the sun and water as weapons. The wind and the rain in your hair may sound utterly breathtakingly romantic for fragrant summer evenings, but your mirror will tell another story in the clear (cruel) light of day.

So—best be prepared now, chick, for braving the elements in the days ahead. Proper brushing, massages, shampoos and oil treatments can insure you good-looking hair, under the most trying conditions. And you can see here (——→) just what we mean by *proper*. Follow through with these simple beauty bonuses, and you're off to a good *head start*. Your hair can be a hit—or a-miss this summer! It's up to you!



1—SPARE THE BRUSH AND SPOIL THE SCALP! ALWAYS BRUSH THE HAIR UP FROM THE SCALP, LIFTING IT TO ENCOURAGE CIRCULATION. BE SURE TO WIPE YOUR BRUSH ON A TOWEL FREQUENTLY DURING THE BRUSHING.

2—MASSAGE YOUR SCALP AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK. LOWER YOUR HEAD, SO THAT YOUR FEET ARE ELEVATED. PRESS YOUR THUMBS ABOVE THE TEMPLES AND ROTATE YOUR FINGERS, SO HARD THAT THE SCALP MOVES WITH YOUR FINGERS

3—NEXT PLACE YOUR HANDS IN THE SAME MANNER FURTHER BACK ON YOUR HEAD, THUMBS PRESSING BEHIND YOUR EARS. ROTATE YOUR FINGERS IN THE SAME CIRCULAR MOVEMENT, MAKING CERTAIN THAT THE SCALP IS MOVING.

4—NOW, PLACE YOUR HANDS ON THE TOP OF THE HEAD, WITH YOUR THUMBS PRESSING FIRMLY ON THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD AND REPEAT THIS SAME CIRCULAR MOVEMENT. ROTATE AT LEAST TEN MINUTES IN EACH POSITION, THREE TIMES.

Hollywood's Younger Set

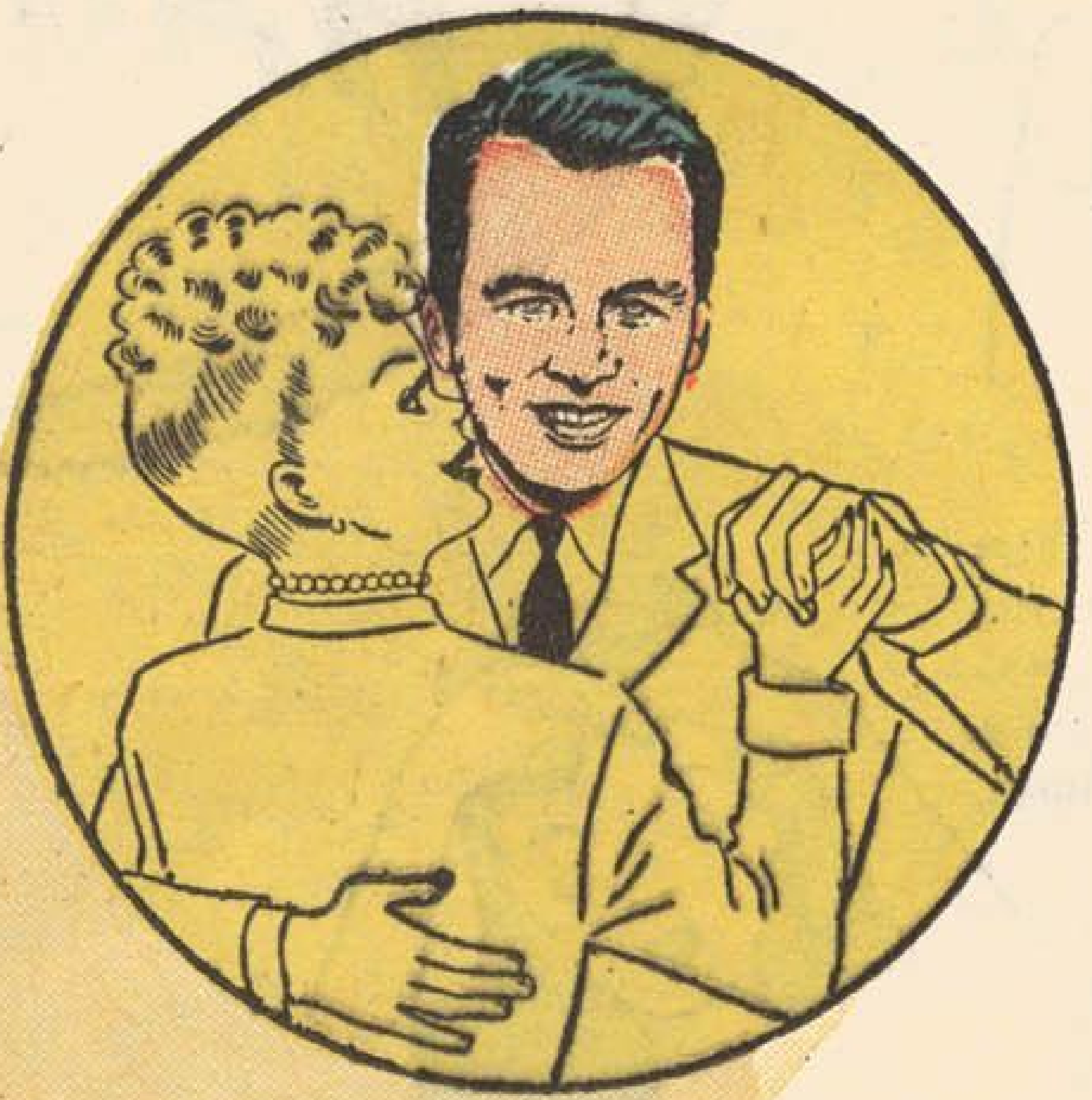
with May Mann

WHAT'S NEW AMONG HOLLYWOOD'S WHO'S WHO AS MAY MANN SEES IT . . .

HI CHUMS:

Diana Lynn was looking very pretty at Cobina Wright, Sr.'s party, and when we asked her what was new besides her hair-do (Diana's blonde hair was caught simply at the back of her neck with a black ribbon bow — *tres* pretty), she introduced her new boy friend Bob Neal, the young Texas millionaire, who is very attractive.

Diana is campaigning for her parents to move in closer to Hollywood, so's her boy friends won't have that long trek to Diana's house. (She's worth it!) Her new picture is to be "The Sainted Sisters" with Betty Hutton. Sterling Hayden and John Lund have the male leads. Who will Diana get—or should a girl be fussy when she can have Sterling—or John!

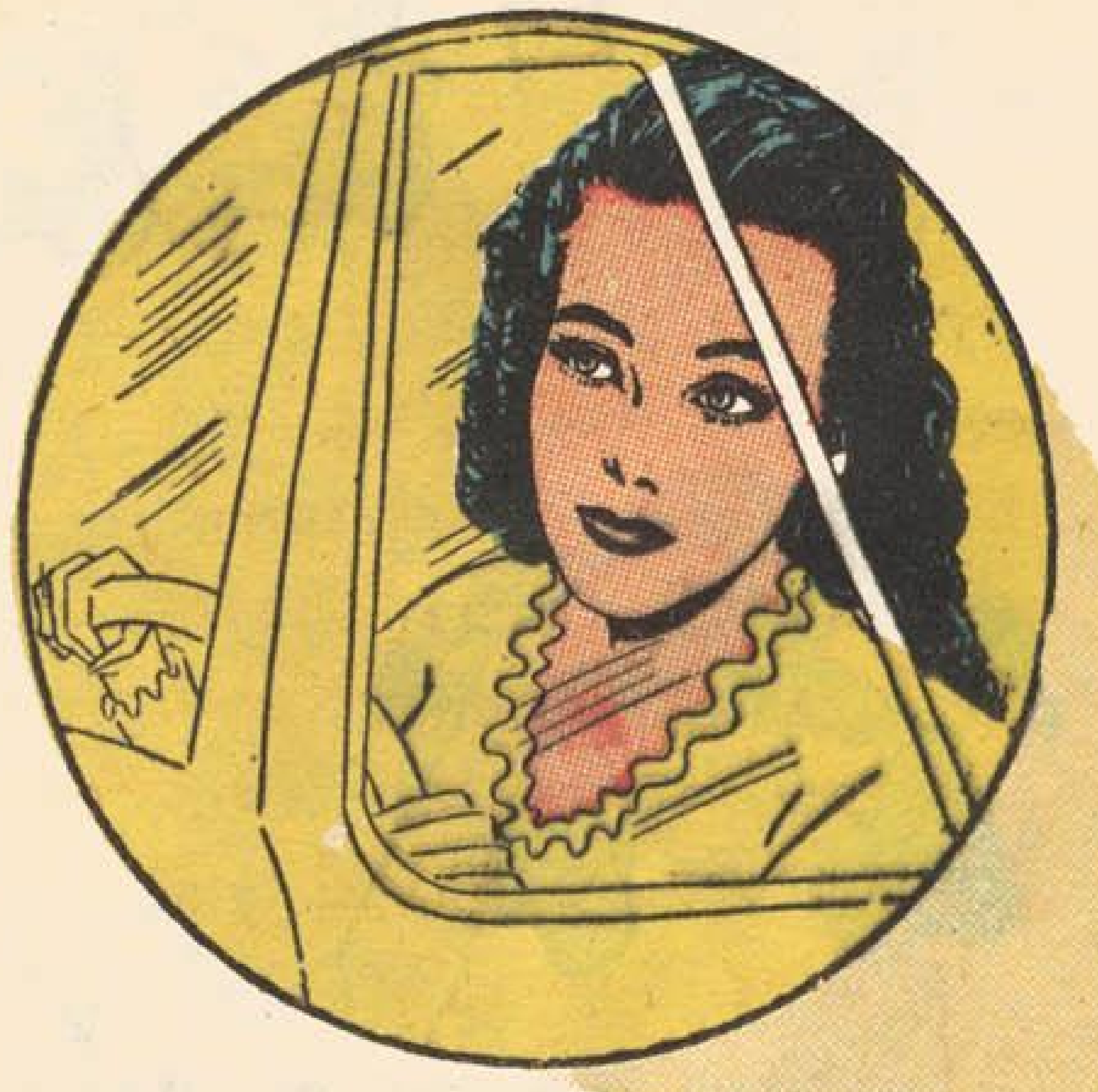


John Lund (and dimples) entertained at Sonny Tufts' party with some tricky song-and-dance routines! (John's other life!)

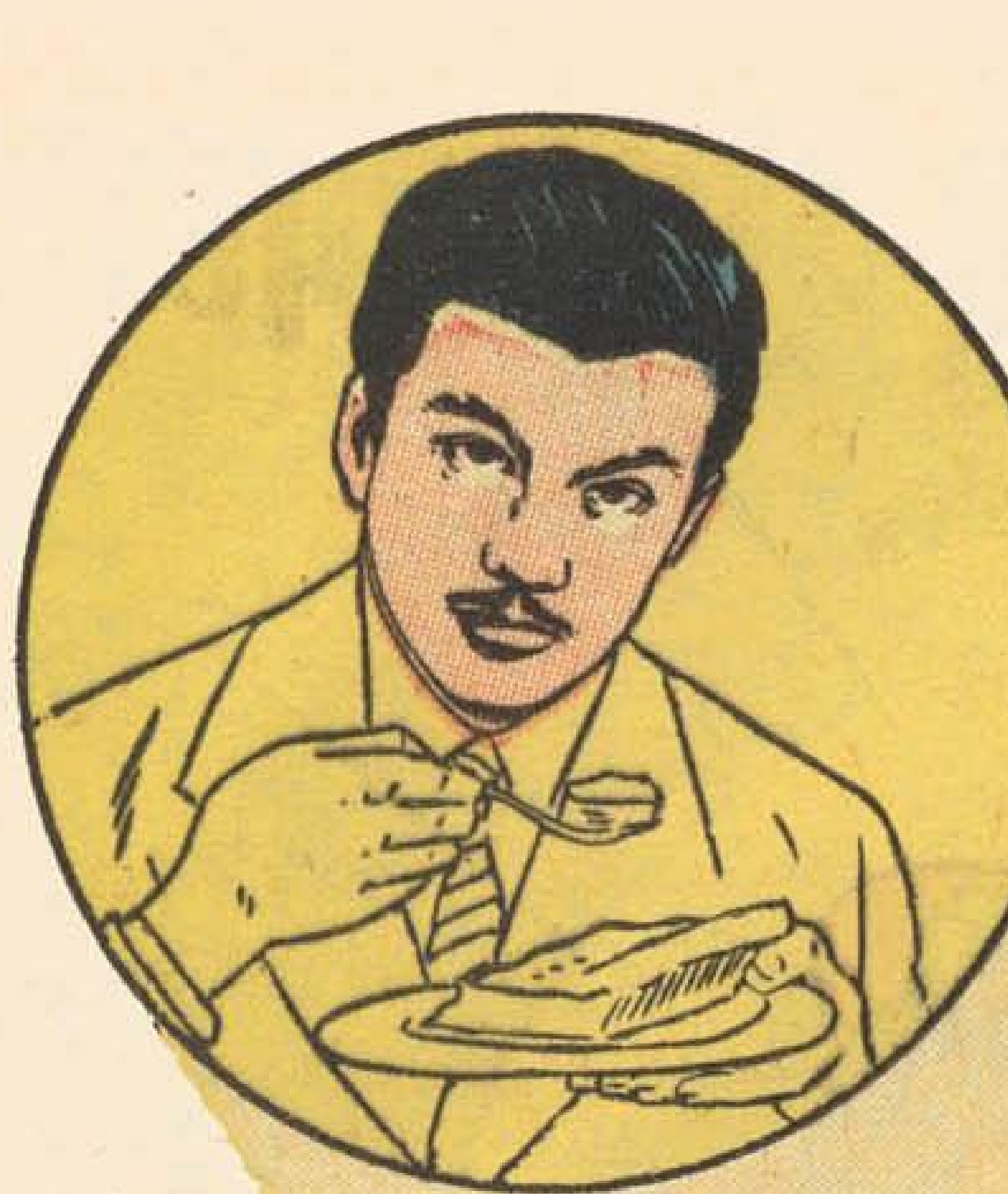
Incidentally, John Lund was at Sonny Tufts' party, and he's lots of fun. Joined in with Jack Oakie for some songs and rug-cutting that you wouldn't suspect. Sonny was terrif, singing his *Egyptianella* for 10000th time.

Kurt Kreuger on crutches, told us they were definitely cramping his style, and keeping him home evenings. That is, for the time being. Kurt broke his leg on the ski run at Sun Valley last winter, but by the time you read this he'll be about. He was at Timmy Pennock's party, and he said his one regret was that the accident kept him from playing in "Singapore" for Universal-International. Fox has renewed his option.

Premiere of the month was "The Egg and I," and so many stars walking up the long red carpeted aisle at Carthay Circle, with the bleachers filled with cheering fans. Danny Kaye drew terrific applause, and Turhan Bey, Jane Withers wore a gold kid coat that was very smart, and she came on the arm of A. C. Lyles. Then we motored out to Brentwood to Producer Fred Finkelhoff's party, and nary an egg nor a sign of a chicken on the buffet table. Instead there was turkey and hams and salads and rolls and ice cream and cake — and Peter Shaw — who was stag.



Janie Powell, recently added another year (her 17th!) and also a brand-new car (her first!). Congrats, Janie!



Turhan Bey ate two pieces of May's apple pie at her dinner-party which endeared him more than ever...

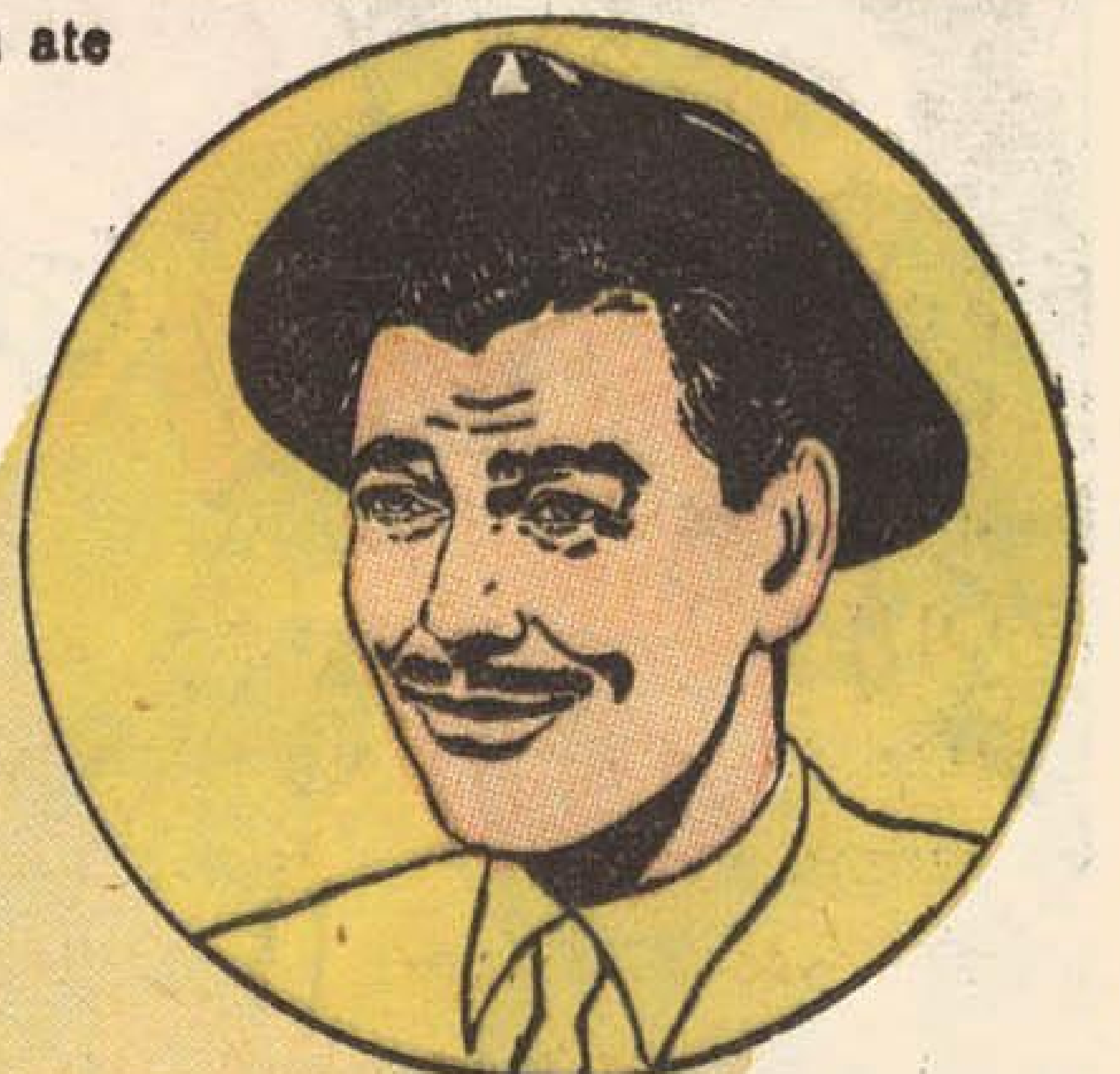
News and Stuff: Peggy Ryan's brother, Mickey, who is co-owner of Ryan's Pan, their little valley restaurant, turned elegant and had a reception for Peggy and her Jimmy Cross, with an orchestra and champagne and hors-d'ouvres, and everything. They didn't get a honeymoon because talk is, Peggy will do "Stray Lamb" for Jimmy Cagney, and she'll be with Jackie Cooper and Jackie Coogan in "Kilroy Was Here."

Feeling in a cooking mood, we invited Rossie Hunter and his sister Min Massing from Cleveland, Ohio, over for dinner. The Dennis O'Keefes, and several more came over too, including Turhan Bey. (Pause while our heart skips three beats. Turhan is busy starring in Eagle-Lyon's "Out of the Blue." Turhan ate two pieces of our apple pie, which made us beam and beam!

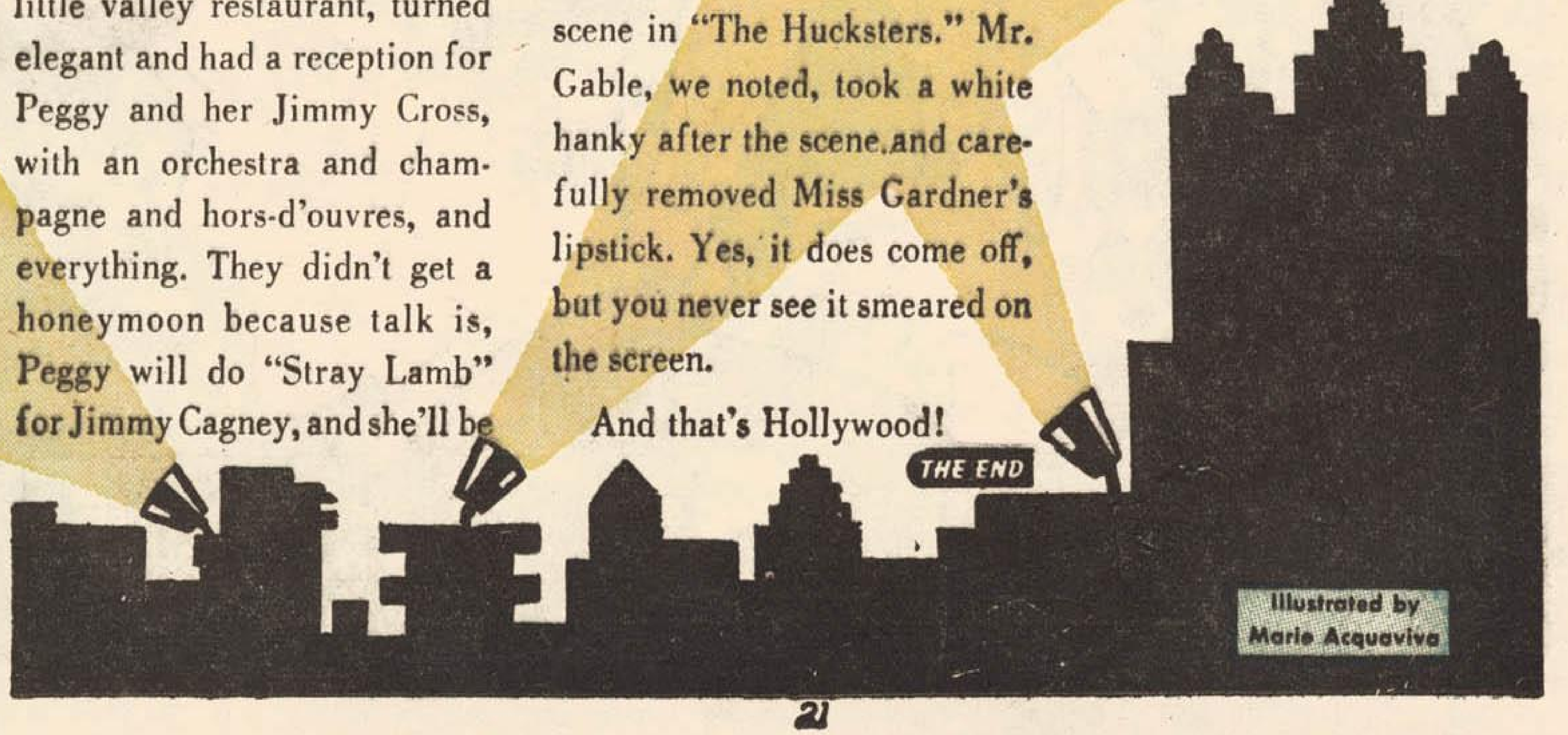
Janie Powell, for whom we arranged her first date, at one of our parties, received her first automobile of her own on her seventeenth birthday.

The other day we went out Metro way to see Clark Gable, and found him kissing Ava Gardner for a scene in "The Hucksters." Mr. Gable, we noted, took a white hanky after the scene and carefully removed Miss Gardner's lipstick. Yes, it does come off, but you never see it smeared on the screen.

And that's Hollywood!

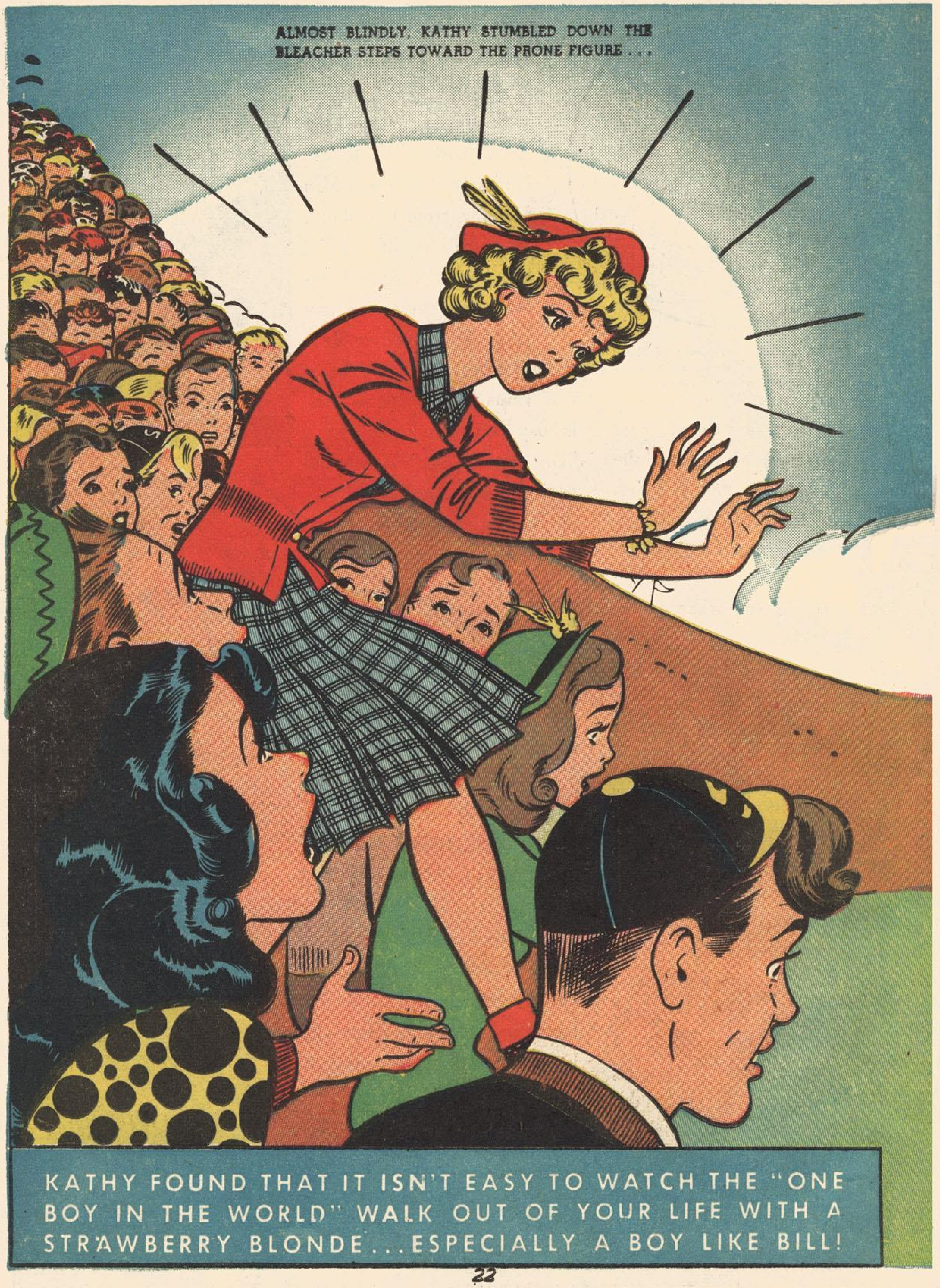


Clark "The King" Gable is enjoying his current role in M-G-M's "The Hucksters." May tells you just why, here...



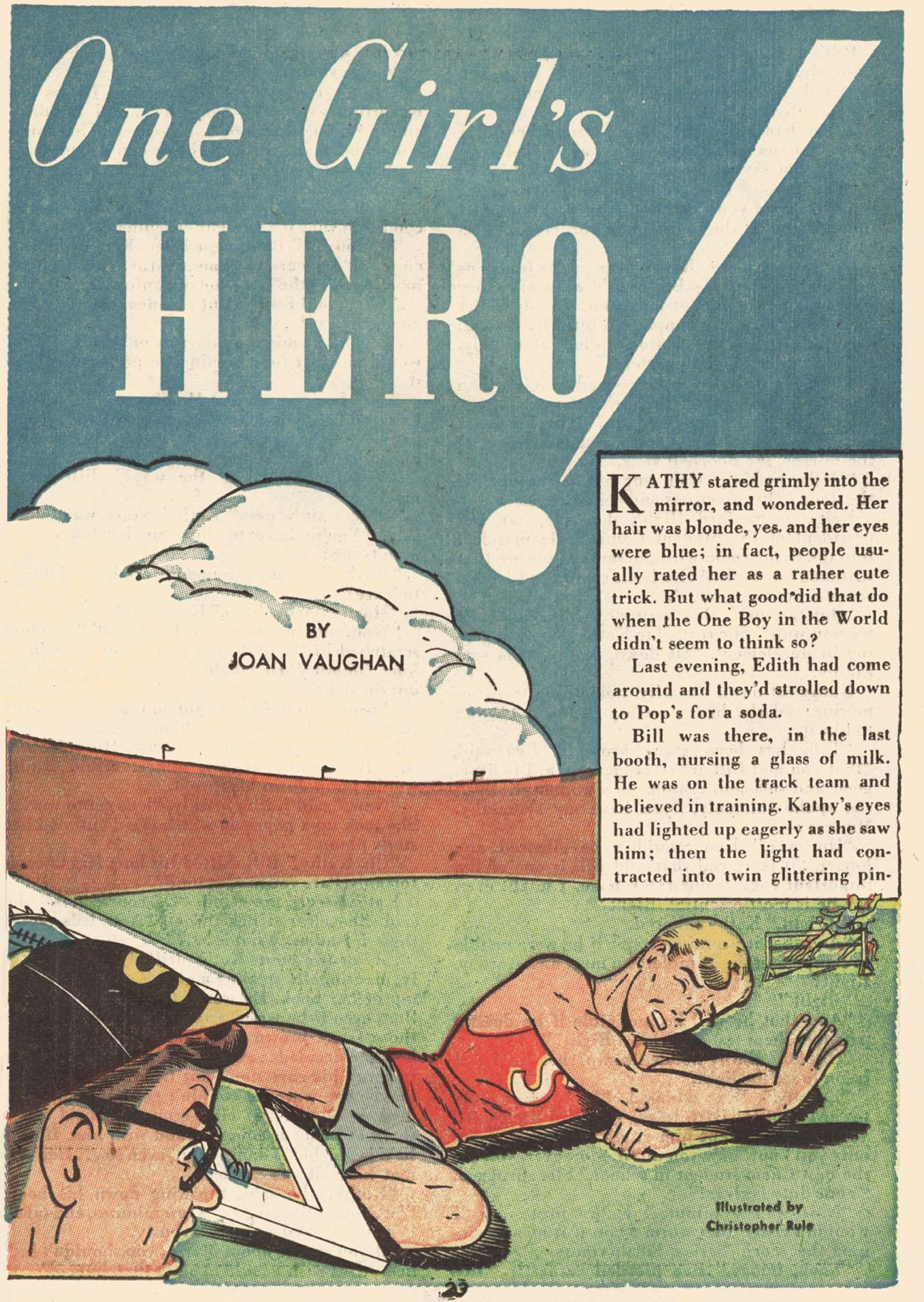
THE END

Illustrated by Mario Acquaviva



ALMOST BLINDLY, KATHY STUMBLED DOWN THE BLEACHER STEPS TOWARD THE PRONE FIGURE . . .

KATHY FOUND THAT IT ISN'T EASY TO WATCH THE "ONE BOY IN THE WORLD" WALK OUT OF YOUR LIFE WITH A STRAWBERRY BLONDE . . . ESPECIALLY A BOY LIKE BILL!



One Girl's HERO!

BY

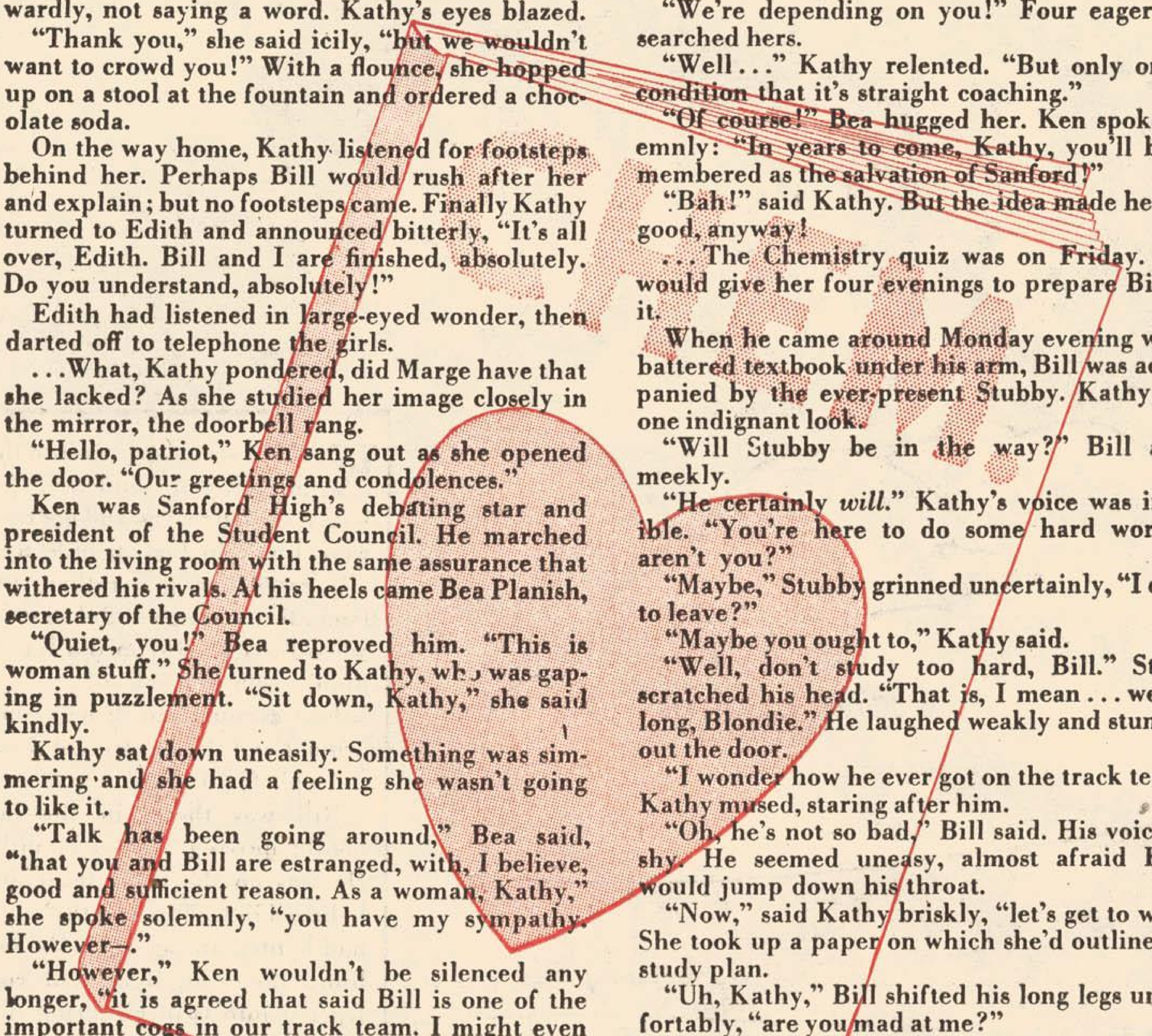
JOAN VAUGHAN

KATHY stared grimly into the mirror, and wondered. Her hair was blonde, yes, and her eyes were blue; in fact, people usually rated her as a rather cute trick. But what good did that do when the One Boy in the World didn't seem to think so?

Last evening, Edith had come around and they'd strolled down to Pop's for a soda.

Bill was there, in the last booth, nursing a glass of milk. He was on the track team and believed in training. Kathy's eyes had lighted up eagerly as she saw him; then the light had contracted into twin glittering pin-

Illustrated by
Christopher Rule



points, for there, across from him was sitting none other than the titian-haired Marge!

Bill's jaw had dropped and his eyes blinked foolishly. "Well, for the love o' mud," he'd said, flustered, "look who's here! Sit down and have a coke, Kathy."

Kathy had looked at Marge, settled behind a gooey banana split, and Marge had smiled awkwardly, not saying a word. Kathy's eyes blazed.

"Thank you," she said icily, "but we wouldn't want to crowd you!" With a flounce, she hopped up on a stool at the fountain and ordered a chocolate soda.

On the way home, Kathy listened for footsteps behind her. Perhaps Bill would rush after her and explain; but no footsteps came. Finally Kathy turned to Edith and announced bitterly, "It's all over, Edith. Bill and I are finished, absolutely. Do you understand, absolutely!"

Edith had listened in large-eyed wonder, then darted off to telephone the girls.

. . .What, Kathy pondered, did Marge have that she lacked? As she studied her image closely in the mirror, the doorbell rang.

"Hello, patriot," Ken sang out as she opened the door. "Our greetings and condolences."

Ken was Sanford High's debating star and president of the Student Council. He marched into the living room with the same assurance that withered his rivals. At his heels came Bea Planish, secretary of the Council.

"Quiet, you!" Bea reproved him. "This is woman stuff." She turned to Kathy, who was gaping in puzzlement. "Sit down, Kathy," she said kindly.

Kathy sat down uneasily. Something was simmering and she had a feeling she wasn't going to like it.

"Talk has been going around," Bea said, "that you and Bill are estranged, with, I believe, good and sufficient reason. As a woman, Kathy," she spoke solemnly, "you have my sympathy. However—."

"However," Ken wouldn't be silenced any longer, "it is agreed that said Bill is one of the important cogs in our track team. I might even say he is most essential. Right?"

"R-right," Kathy faltered.

"And that it would be tragic if he were unable to compete in the Templetown meet on Saturday. Right?"

"Right."

"And that he will be ineligible if he doesn't pass the Chem test on Friday. Right?"

"Oh, ho," Kathy nodded comprehendingly. "I begin to see the light."

"Exactly," Bea resumed. "It is your duty toward Sanford High to see that Bill passes. All year you have kept him eligible for sports, and only you know how you did it. Moreover, you are the best Chem student in school." She shrugged. "Your duty is clear!"

"Now wait a minute," Kathy protested. "I wouldn't coach that worm again if it meant winning the World Series. Furthermore—."

"Look, honey," Bea pleaded earnestly, "this outranks your feelings, or mine. It's not Bill you're helping, it's the school! And you,"—she poked a dramatic finger at Kathy—"you hold the victory in your hands!"

A tingle ran along Kathy's spine. It was her opportunity to save Sanford . . . And besides—another thought prodded at the back of her mind—she'd be seeing Bill! Maybe he could explain. . .

"We're depending on you!" Four eager eyes searched hers.

"Well . . ." Kathy relented. "But only on the condition that it's straight coaching."

"Of course!" Bea hugged her. Ken spoke solemnly: "In years to come, Kathy, you'll be remembered as the salvation of Sanford!"

"Bah!" said Kathy. But the idea made her feel good, anyway!

. . . The Chemistry quiz was on Friday. That would give her four evenings to prepare Bill for it.

When he came around Monday evening with a battered textbook under his arm, Bill was accompanied by the ever-present Stubby. Kathy took one indignant look.

"Will Stubby be in the way?" Bill asked meekly.

"He certainly *will.*" Kathy's voice was inflexible. "You're here to do some hard work—or aren't you?"

"Maybe," Stubby grinned uncertainly, "I ought to leave?"

"Maybe you ought to," Kathy said.

"Well, don't study too hard, Bill." Stubby scratched his head. "That is, I mean . . . well, so long, Blondie." He laughed weakly and stumbled out the door.

"I wonder how he ever got on the track team?" Kathy mused, staring after him.

"Oh, he's not so bad," Bill said. His voice was shy. He seemed uneasy, almost afraid Kathy would jump down his throat.

"Now," said Kathy briskly, "let's get to work." She took up a paper on which she'd outlined her study plan.

"Uh, Kathy," Bill shifted his long legs uncomfortably, "are you mad at me?"

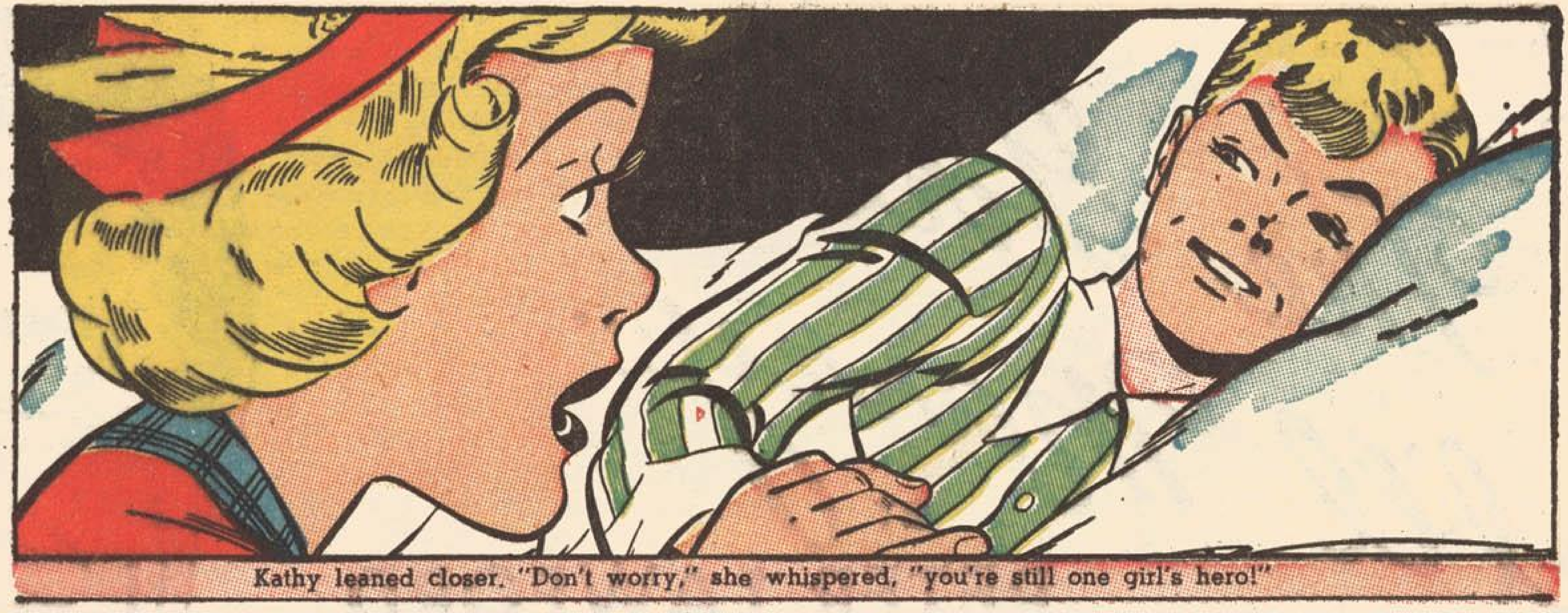
Kathy's ears grew red. "Of course not," she said. She cleared her throat. "Now let's tackle these formulas. What is . . .?"

. . . For two hours Kathy drilled Bill ferociously, occasionally stealing a glance at him over the top of her book. He was cute, she had to admit that, even if he wasn't exactly swoon-stuff. It was those frank brown eyes that had first attracted her, she decided . . . Of course, it could have been the way his ears stood out from his head . . . or maybe the wave he couldn't get out of his hair even by keeping it close-cropped. She'd felt a thrill of pride at going around with him. If only he'd been able to dance! But, even so . . . Her eyes met his and she flushed.

"Kathy," he said, throwing down his book, "let's forget this stuff for a few minutes, and talk."

Kathy looked at him nervously.

"If you're sore about Marge, you shouldn't be," he said. "I wish I could explain that, but . . ."



Kathy leaned closer. "Don't worry," she whispered, "you're still one girl's hero!"

"There is no need," Kathy said in a tight voice, "to explain anything. I quite understand!"

"No, you *don't*," he insisted. "Marge and I are just friends."

Kathy sniffed. "How nice," she said icily.

Bill glared at her and his hands flapped in awkward attempts to express himself. "Look, Kathy —." Words failed him. Suddenly he scowled. "Let's get back to the chemistry!" He relapsed hopelessly behind his book.

... The Sanford-Templetown track and field meet was the climax to the year's rivalry, and feeling ran high. It was expected to be a close contest.

Kathy and Edith wandered restlessly about, watching the field events, and Kathy kept an anxious eye out for Bill. The 120 yard high hurdles was the last event scheduled, and the one in which Bill was to appear. It was agreed that this might be the deciding event and Sanford was jubilant, for their hurdling star had been declared eligible at the last minute.

As she thought of the grind she and Bill had been through, prepping for the chemistry exam, Kathy sighed wearily. But, she knew, it would be worthwhile if Bill's winning the hurdle race was the measure of victory. Unconsciously, she crossed her fingers.

"Present score: Templetown 26, Sanford 22," the scorekeeper bellowed through a microphone. There was little applause, for Templetown had been expected to lead at the half way mark.

"Let's get a seat in the bleachers," Edith suggested.

Kathy agreed. "I wonder where Bill is?" she brooded.

"Probably warming up in the gym."

With two events left, the scorekeeper announced, "Sanford 42, Templetown 38." It was going to be close! Kathy wriggled nervously.

The next event was the hundred yard dash. To the dismay of Sanfordites, the Templetown team took the first and second places.

The scorekeeper yelled, "Templetown 45, Sanford 43 ... The next and final event will be the 120 yard high hurdles!"

An eager buzz of speculation swept the field. To win, Sanford had to take first place in the race. The victory hung on Bill's flying heels, for no one could expect the other two Sanford hurdlers—Stubby and a freshman named Gaines—to come in ahead of Templetown's famed Riordan.

All eyes were on Bill as he crouched on the starting line, but none were more fervent than Kathy's. Beside him, Stubby squatted nonchalantly, and on the inside track Riordan was fidgeting like a thoroughbred.

The gun—and they were off!

Bill cleared the first hurdle with incomparable grace, a step ahead of Riordan. Kathy's heart was in her mouth and time seemed to stand still. Another hurdle, and another ... Bill was a yard ahead of the pack now, with Riordan second.

On the fourth hurdle, Bill seemed to soar over, then, too quick for it to be seen, his toe caught on the hurdle and he fell heavily to the track! He didn't move!

A loud groan ran through the stands as the field swept past Bill. He lay face down, seemingly unconscious. Almost blindly, Kathy stumbled down the bleacher steps toward the prone figure.

She didn't hear the sudden shout that went up. Stubby, trailing the field, seemed in that instant transformed into a dynamo, and before the unbelieving eyes of hundreds of fans, literally flew through the air, closing the gap between himself and Riordan. The Templetown star was first over the last hurdle, but before he could breast the tape, Stubby had passed him. A bleacher-shaking tumult ascended. Sanford had won!

... Bill was stretched on a cot in the school infirmary, and Kathy sat beside him. "It's only a sprained ankle," he explained, grinning, "and it's worth a sprained ankle any day to find out you still like me."

"Oh, Bill!" Kathy turned her head.

"And now that I'm on the shelf for awhile," Bill continued, "I may as well tell you about Margie. You see, I was taking dancing lessons from her, so I could surprise you. I wanted to take you to the commencement prom."

Kathy looked up, her eyes shining with something like starlight.

"But," he went on disgustedly, "*now* I *can't* dance, I *didn't* win the race, and I'm *not* the school hero. What good am I?"

Kathy leaned closer. "Don't worry," she whispered consolingly, "you're still *one girl's hero!*"

THE END

The Girl I'll Marry...

BY

PETER LAWFORD

Hold onto your hearts, gals! Hollywood's handsomest heart-throb confesses here that he, too, has a favorite dream-beam...and maybe, just maybe, he's talking about—you!

PETER LAWFORD has dated June Haver, Marilyn Maxwell, Lana Turner and almost every other slick-chick in Hollywood. But as for Mrs. Peter Lawford, she's going to be entirely different.

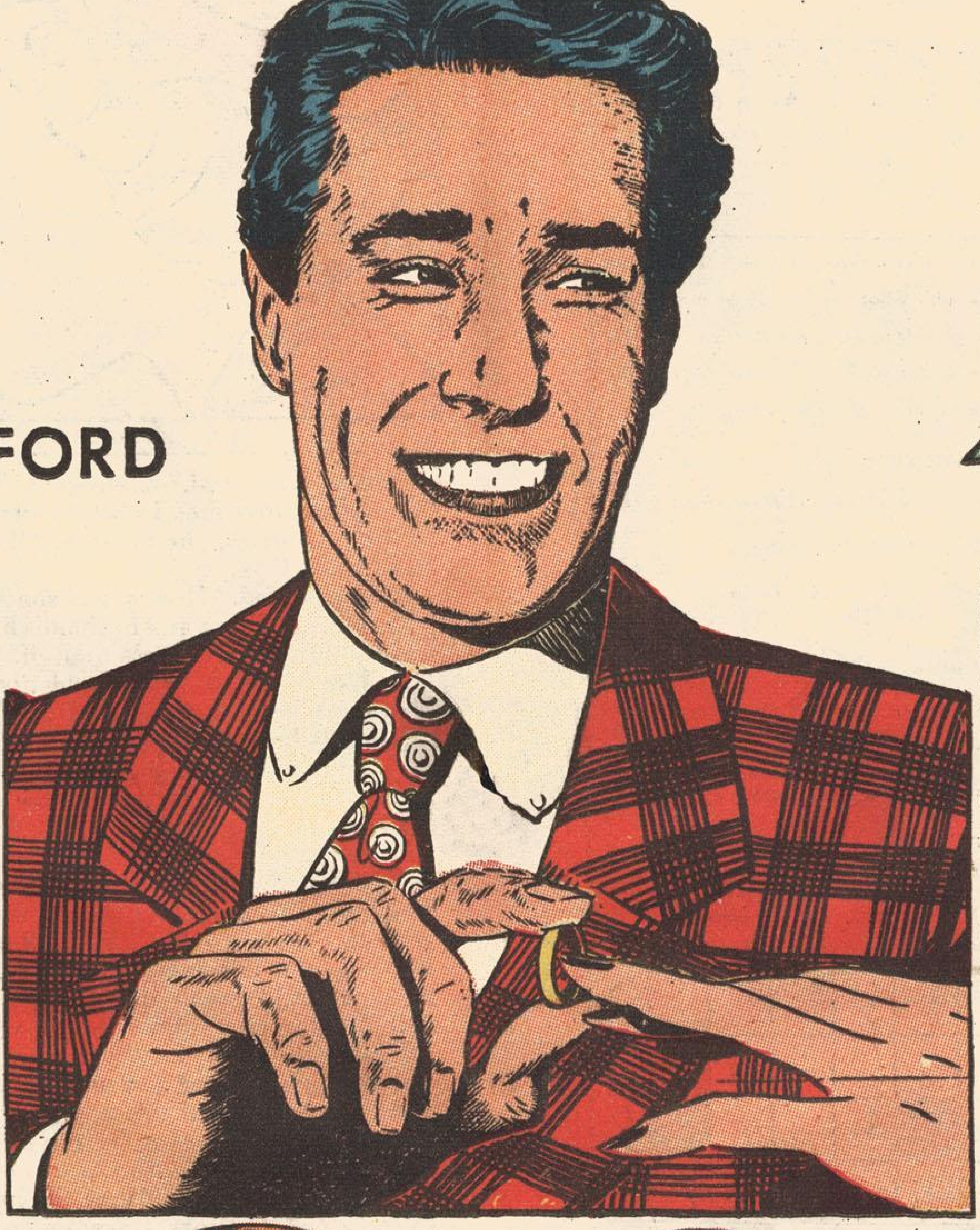
Pete wants his wife to be considerably younger than himself. At the present, she's between 16 and 22, and dear gals, she may be you. Yes, you, Miss Roberta Sox, may be the very special young woman Pete wants to make Mrs. Peter Lawford. You'll have to wait—but won't it be worth it to have a guy like Pete for your very own?

First of all, Roberta, how's your sense of humor? If you're sharp as a tack with a crack, you're in. Humor is Pete's prime requisite, and little wonder, for he's one of the wittiest boys in Glamour Gulch.

Don't despair if you're not the belle of your neighborhood, Roberta. Pete doesn't require the ultra-plus in beauty. If you're attractive, if you show good taste in dressing, and are able to handle yourself on all occasions you rate pretty highly with Pete.

Poise is very important. That's the intangible something which prompts guests to remark, "Isn't she charming?" when you walk into a room.

As to the matter of hair-shades, you're O.K., whatever you are. Blonde, brunette, or redhead, it doesn't matter to Pete, as long as there is some intellect beneath that coiffure.



Pete loves the short feather bob made famous by Dorothy McGuire. On the subject of hats, he's agin 'em. Especially crazy hats, including bird cages, smudge pots, orange groves and wheelbarrows.

Are you pretty hep to the rhumba beat? So much the better, 'cause Pete's a pretty mellow fellow on the dance floor.

You needn't be an intellectual giant, but if you read some of the classics and a few of the best sellers, you'll have that in common with Pete, who spends quite a bit of time reading.

Most men go into tantrums when their dates for the eve are still in the early stages of dressing or applying makeup at the appointed hour. Not Pete. He doesn't mind gals who are never on time, simply because he himself can never be punctual. He's always at least 10 minutes late for a date or appointment, claims its just his nature.

As Mrs. Peter Lawford you won't have much privacy those Sundays you accompany Pete to the public beach at Santa Monica. But you will have a lot of fun, joining him in tennis and bribing your way into the kids' volley ball games. And you'd be the envy of most of the girls in the land, because you were the wife of one of the nicest guys in all creation.

Just you mind the do's and don'ts in this article, though, Roberta. For Pete's Sake.

THE END

Illustrated by
Syd Shores

KATY HEPBURN
and her
thoroughbred qualities.

INGRID BERGMAN
and her
captivating charm.

SUSAN HAYWARD
and her
bewitching eyes.

RITA HAYWORTH
and her
fine figure.

DOROTHY McGUIRE
and her
appealing voice.

LANA TURNER
and her
sense of humor.

TEEN ????????? TEASERS

FACTS
TEXT
FACTS
ALMANAC

Try these super duper stumpers to test your quiz quotient!

①

WHAT'S IN A NAME . . .

1—Which actor is a small boy?
2—Which actor is a horse laugh?
3—Which actor is a permit?
4—Which actor is a colored road?
5—Which actor is weight measurement?
6—Which actress is a place of worship?
7—Which actress is a wreath of flowers?
8—Which actress is a long-legged bird?
9—Which actress is a body of water?
10—Which actress is never wrong?

②

See if you can correctly match the women below with what they would be most likely to use in their respective professions. 80-100 is swell; 60-80 good; below 60, maybe you're better at outdoor games.

1. MARIE CURIE	Typewriter
2. ESTHER WILLIAMS	Mortar and pestle
3. EMILY POST	Baton
4. INGRID BERGMAN	Lamp
5. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE	Lorgnette
6. JACKIE COCHRANE	The correct fork
7. DINAH SHORE	Understudy
8. PEARL BUCK	Swimming cap
9. MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR	Microphone
10. INA RAY HUTTON	Parachute

③

ACROSS

1. A greeting sent on February 14
8. Northwest state famous for its potatoes
9. The front part of a person between the waist and knees, when sitting
11. To work with needle and thread
12. To pay a call
14. To perform on the stage or in the motion pictures
16. A unit of measure for printed matter
17. To stain or color cloth
19. To exist
20. In opera, a melody sung by one voice
23. An ornament worn on the ear
25. A country in Great Britain
27. Opposite of yes
28. A tiny baby plant in its hard, protective coatings

DOWN

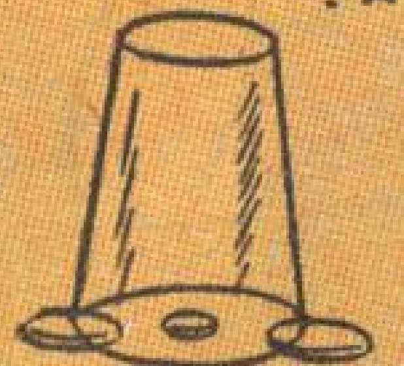
1. A cotton cloth that looks like velvet
2. Plural of lip
3. Short for Edward
4. Very dirty; indecent
5. An article
6. A north central state; a great corn producing state
7. A direction
10. To point a gun
13. Perfect
15. The part of the face below the mouth
18. Deserves because of work done
19. To ask for money, food, etc.
21. To go on an animal's back, or on a vehicle
22. Old
24. Egyptian sun god
26. Opposite of yes

1		2	3	4	5	6		7
	■	8					■	
9	10		■	11			■	
12			13		■	14	15	
16		■	17		18	■		■
	■	19		■	20	21		22
	■	23		24				
25	26						■	
27		■	■	■	28			

④

MONEY WALKS!

. A TABLE TRICK!



We all know that money talks, but did you know that you can make money *walk*—to you—without touching it?

This is an interesting table trick when conversation lags, or when the meal is over and guests linger at the table.

Place a drinking glass, upside down, with the open circumference resting on two quarters. Then lift the glass and place a dime on the center spot . . . replace the glass and challenge your friends to make the dime walk out from under without touching it!

⑤

YOUR TITLE PLEASE?

1—Herman Melville wrote: a) MOPEY JOE, b) MOBY DICK, c) DICK TRACY.
2—Lewis Carroll wrote: a) ALICE ADAMS, b) ALICE BLUE GOWN, c) ALICE IN WONDERLAND.
3—Margaret Mitchell wrote: a) GONE WITH THE WIND, b) GONE WITH THE DRAFT, c) GONE WITH THE DOUGH.
4—Mark Twain wrote: a) HUCKLEBERRY JAM, b) HUCKLEBERRY FINN, c) MICKEY FINN.
5—Charles Dickens wrote: a) CHRISTMAS CAROL, b) CHRISTMAS CARD, c) CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT.
6—Pearl Buck wrote: a) DRAGONWYCK, b) WICKED DRAGON, c) DRAGON SEED.
7—Rudyard Kipling wrote: a) JUST-SO STORIES, b) SO-SO STORIES, c) SEA STORIES.

⑥

'AGE'LESS WORDS

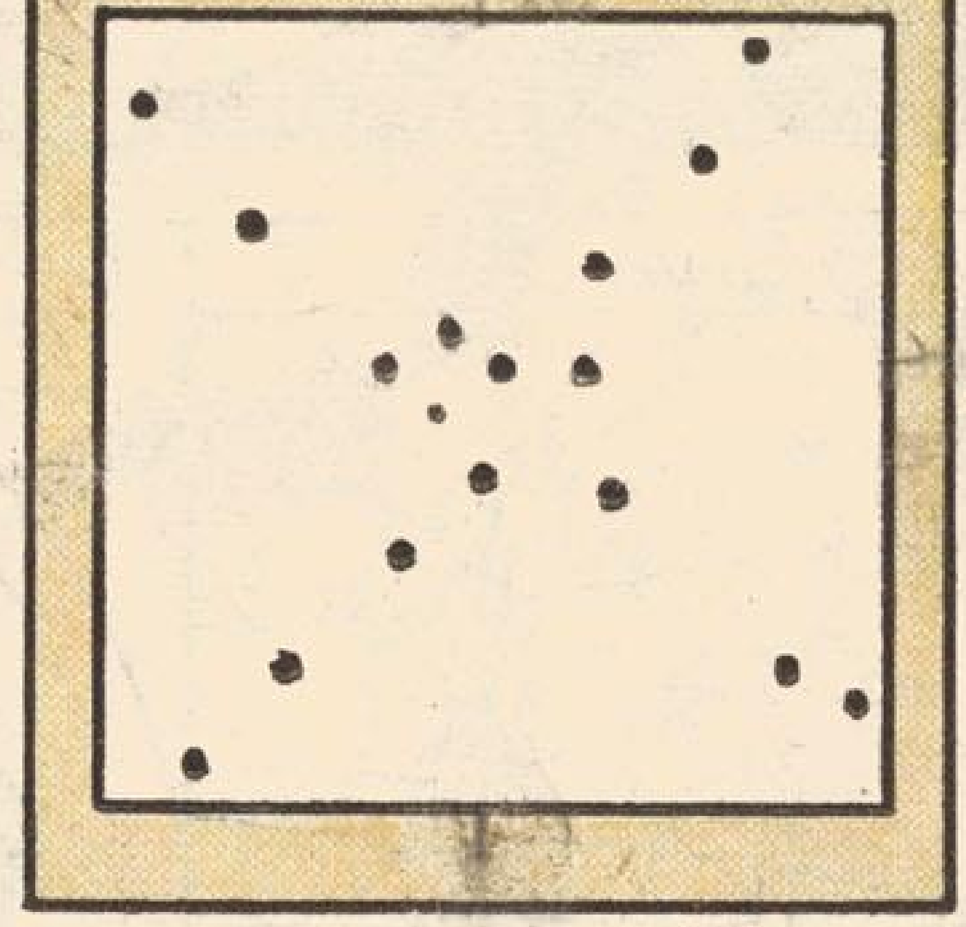
By correctly placing the letters contained in the word AGE into the missing spaces you will be able to get new words as a result. (For example: The solution to 1.) is GREAT.) How many more words can you identify in this way in 5 minutes? A score of 12 and over is very good.

1.) . R . . T
2.) . . . R
3.) . L . . N
4.) L . R . .
5.) . L . R .
6.) B . D . .
7.) R . N . .
8.) . . B L .
9.) . . U Z .
10.) . . V . L
11.) R . . . L
12.) . R . Z .
13.) B . . . N
14.) C . . . Y
15.) . . L .
16.) . N . . R

⑦

HOW IS YOUR INTELLIGLANCE?

In this illustration you can see 16 trees inside a square. Can you divide the square into 4 equal parts so that each part will contain 4 trees?
If you can perform the job in 2 minutes you are very good; 3 minutes is good.



UNLESS YOU HAVE AN UPSIDE-DOWN HEAD, YOU'LL HAVE TO TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE-DOWN TO READ THE ANSWERS!

ANSWERS

①

1—Alan LADD; 2—Richard NEY; 3—Cary GRANT; 4—Sidney GREENSTREET; 5—Gregory PECK; 6—Shirley TEMPLE; 7—Judy GARLAND; 8—Jeanne CRAIN; 9—Veronica LAKE; 10—Teresa WRIGHT.

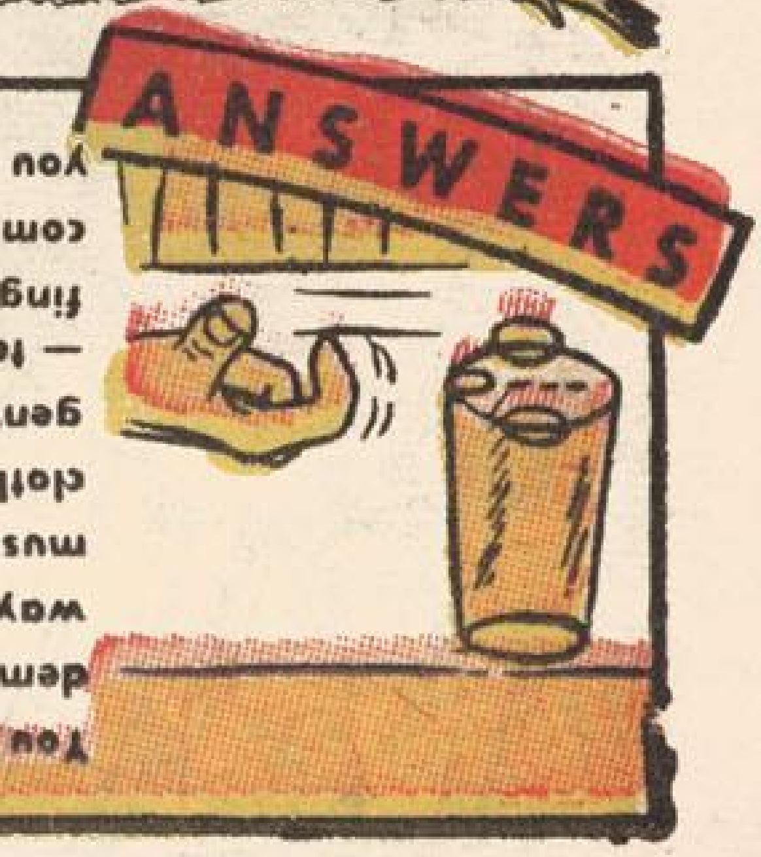
②

1—Mortar and pestle; 2—Swimming cap; 3—The correct fork; 4—Understudy; 5—Lamp; 6—Parachute; 7—Microphone; 8—Typewriter; 9—Lorgnette; 10—Baton.

③

V	A	L	E	N	T	I	N	E
E	■	I	D	A	H	O	■	A
L	A	P	■	S	E	W	■	S
V	I	S	I	T	■	A	C	T
E	M	■	D	Y	E	■	H	■
T	■	B	E	■	A	R	I	A
E	■	E	A	R	R	I	N	G
E	N	G	L	A	N	D	■	E
N	O	■	■	■	S	E	E	D

④



You will probably have to demonstrate, so this is the way it is done! The trick must be arranged on a table cloth . . . then all you do is gently scratch the table cloth — toward you — with your finger and the dime will come walking out so that you can pick it up.

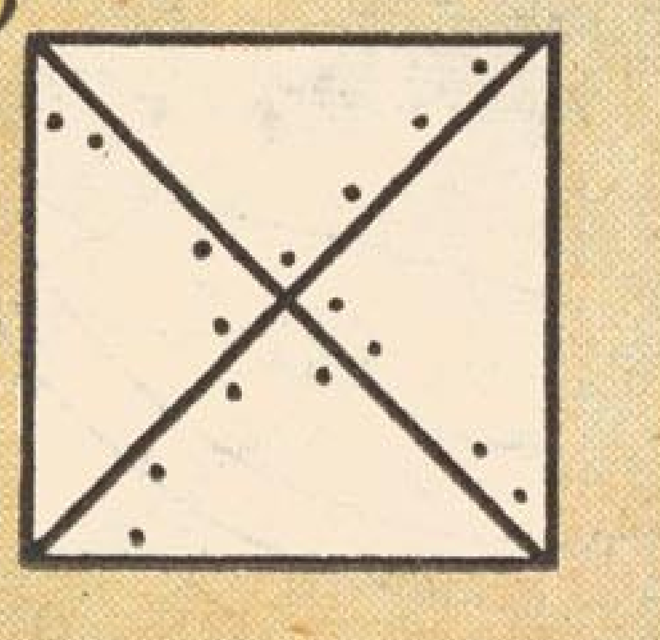
⑤

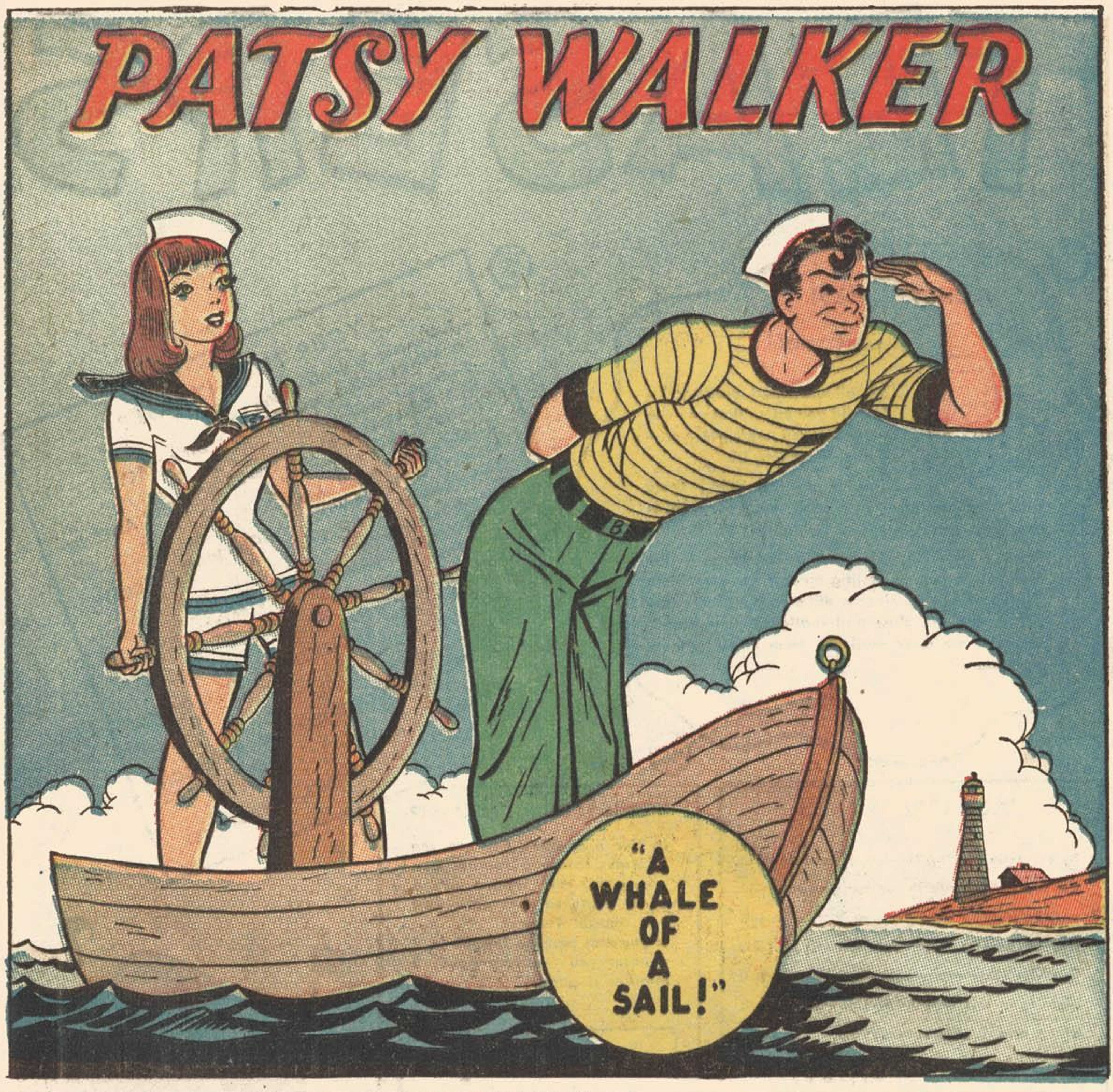
1-b
2-c
3-a
4-b
5-a
6-c
7-a

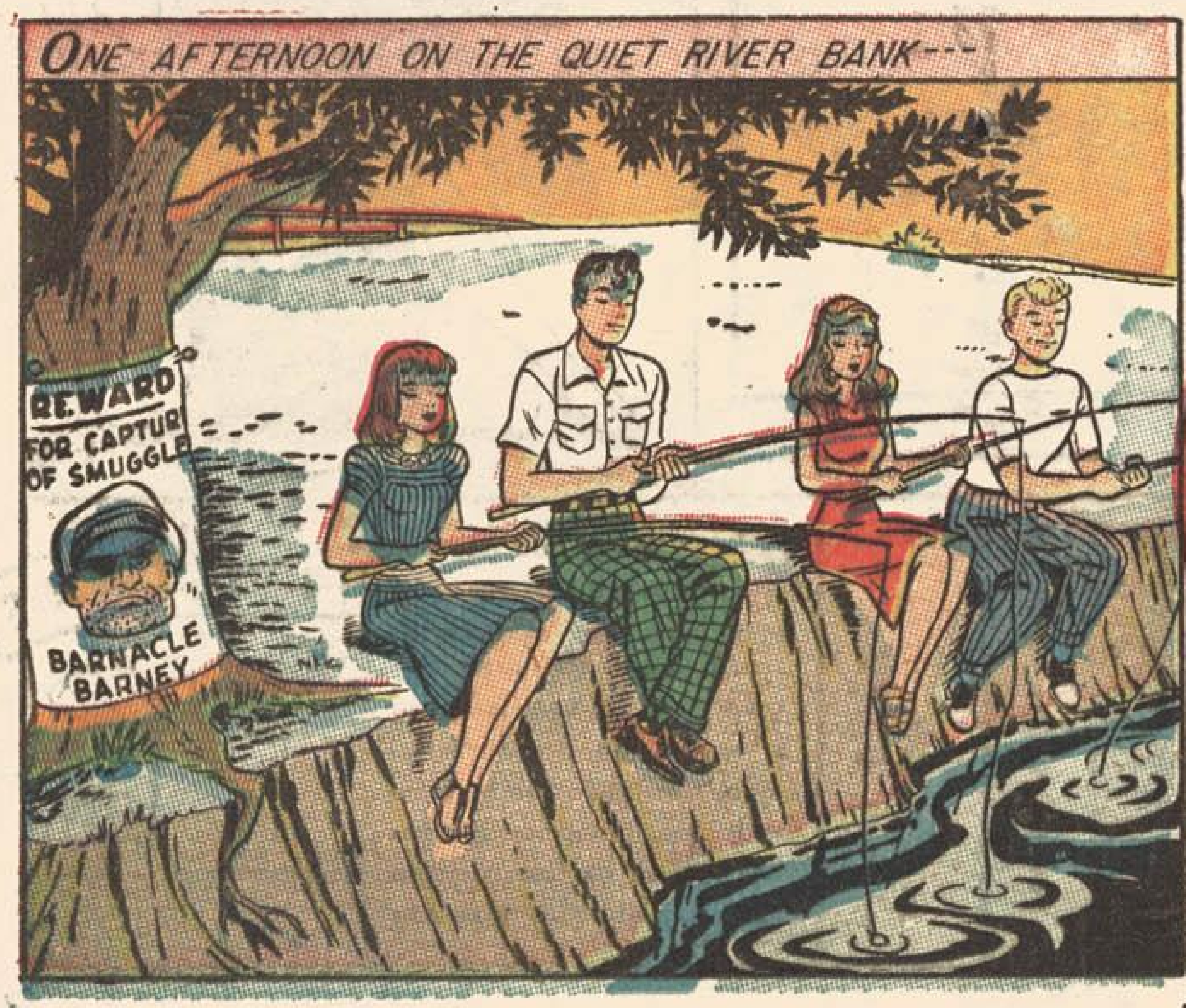
⑥

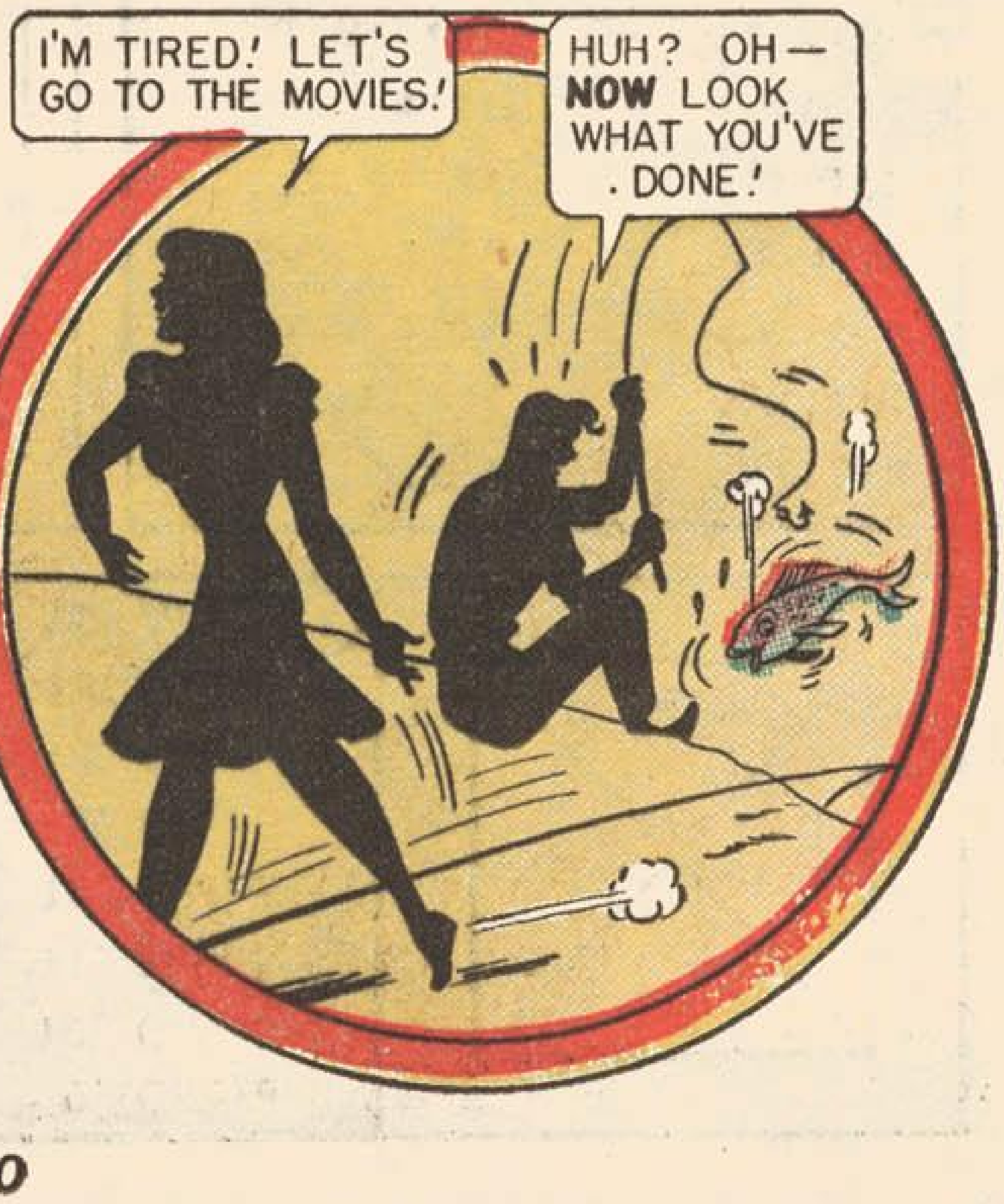
1. Great
2. Gear
3. Glean
4. Large
5. Glare
6. Badge
7. Range
8. Gable
9. Gauze
10. Gavel
11. Regal
12. Graze
13. Began
14. Cagey
15. Gale
16. Anger

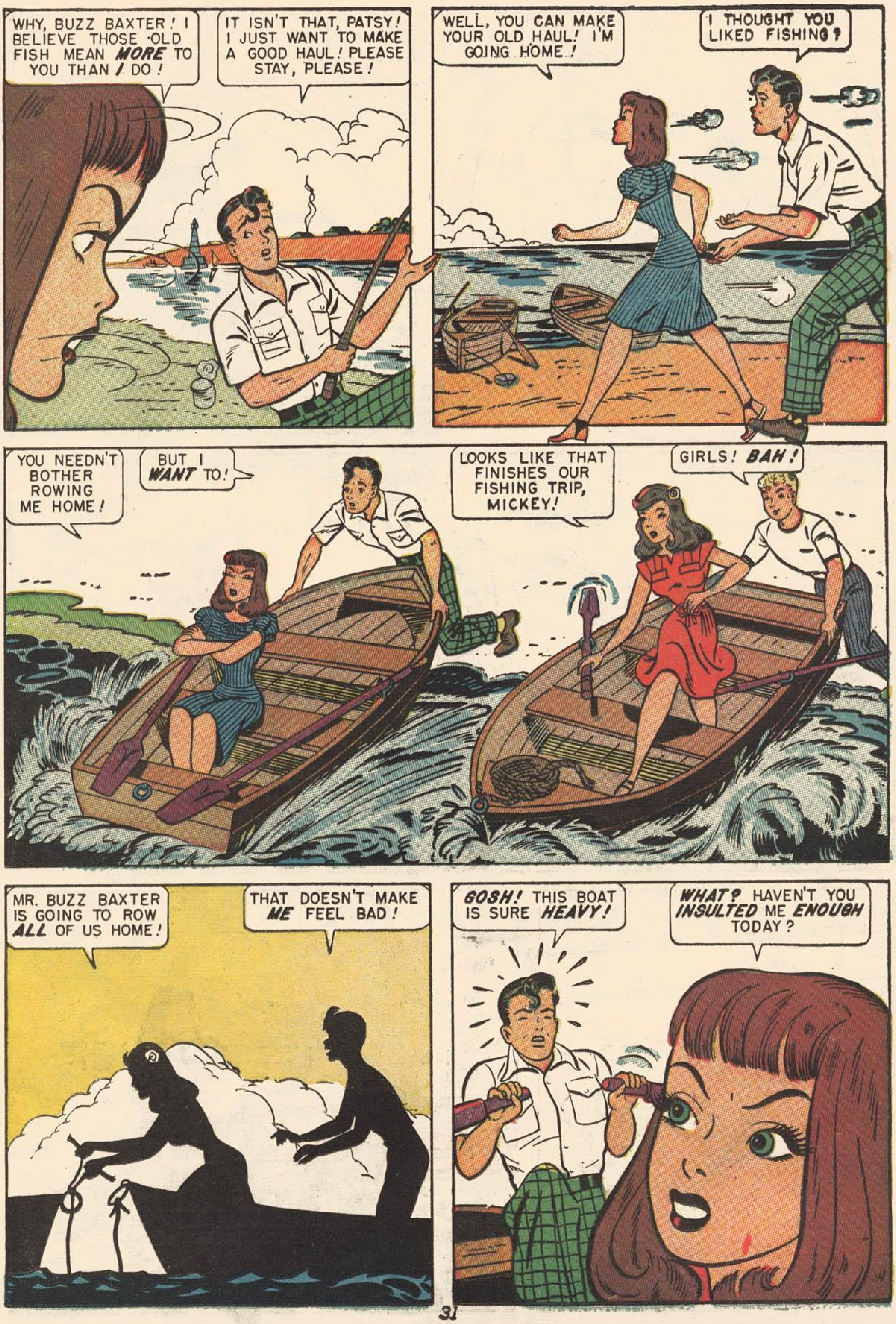
⑦

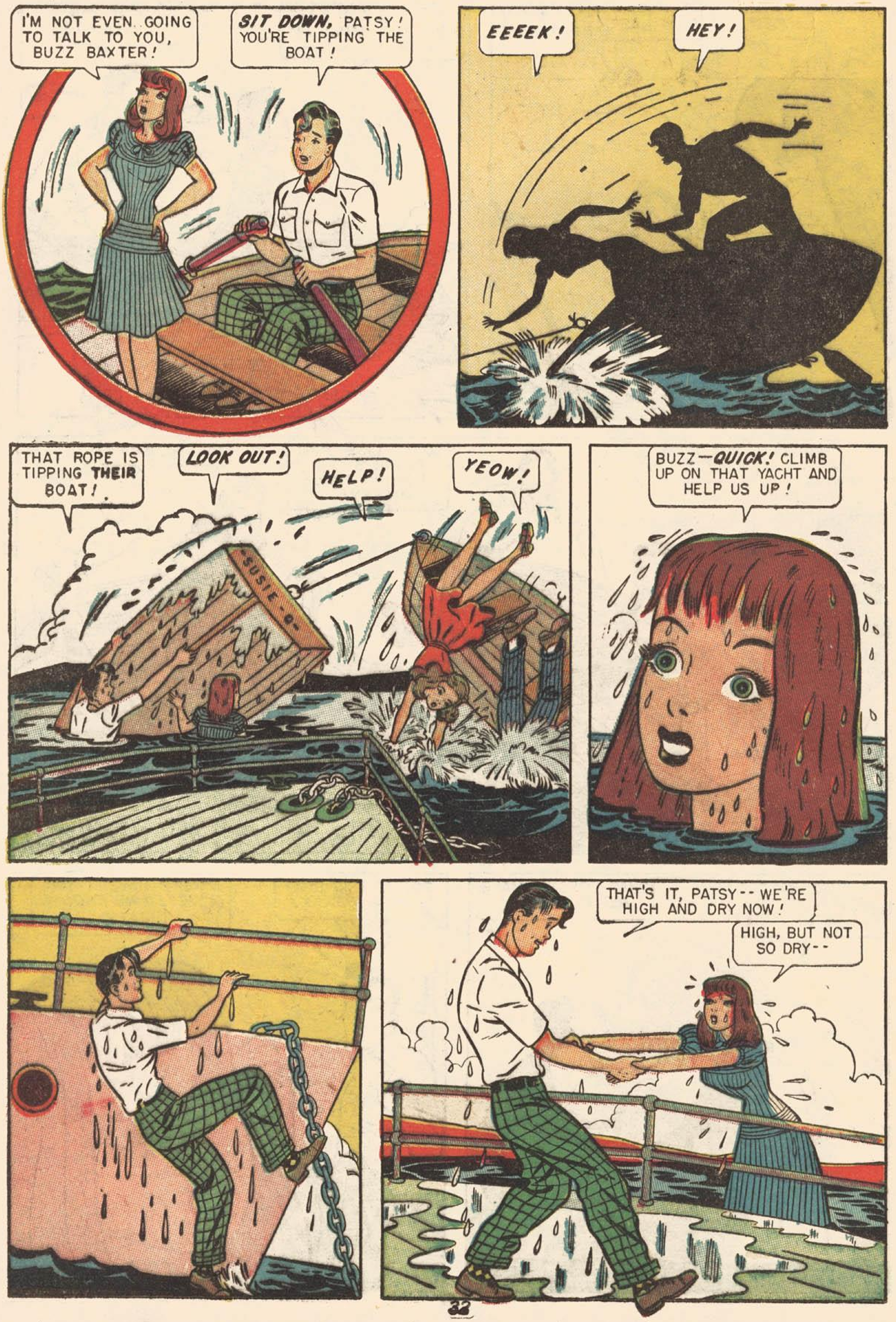


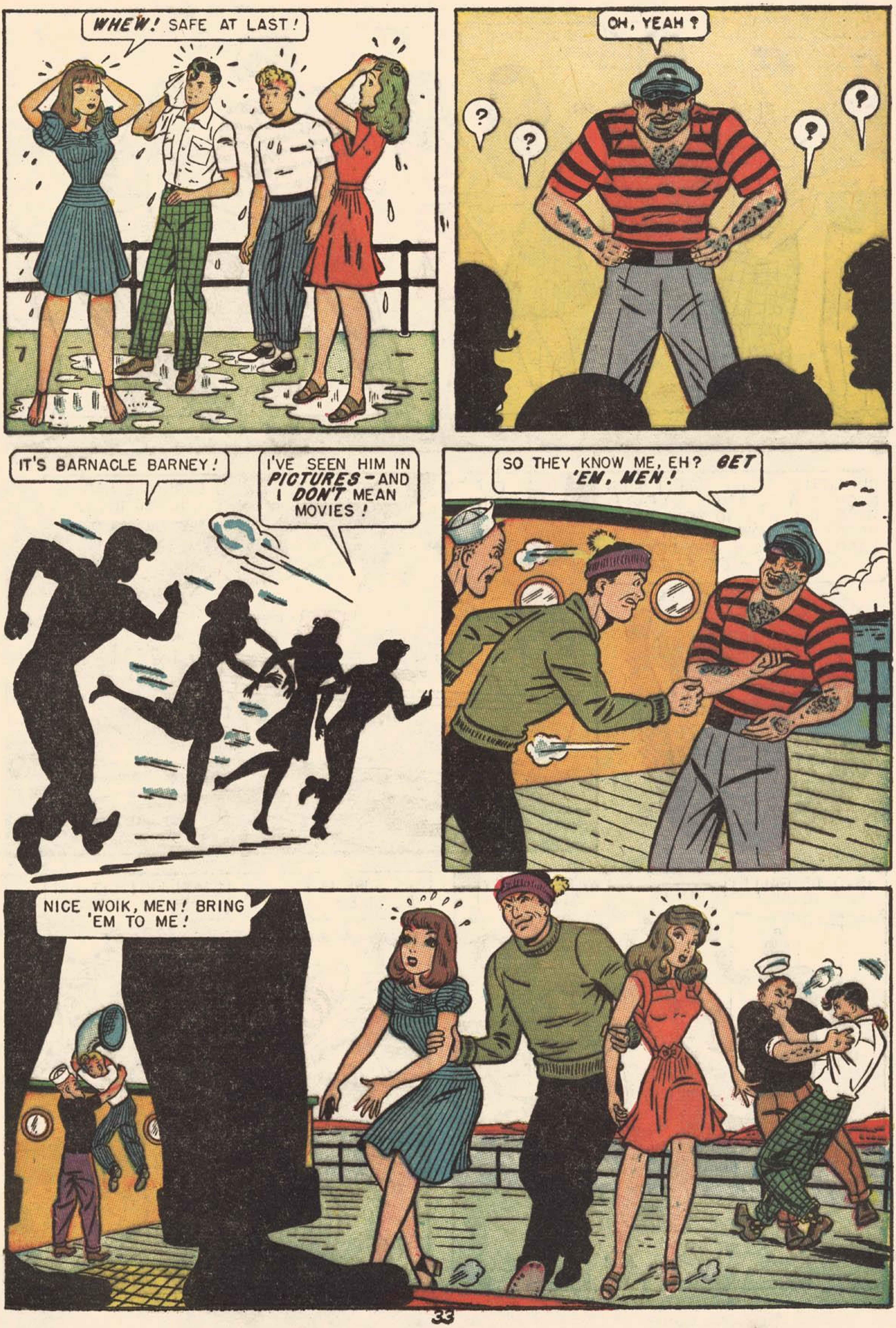

PATSY WALKER
"A WHALE OF A SAIL!"


ONE AFTERNOON ON THE QUIET RIVER BANK---
REWARD
FOR CAPTUR
OF SMUGGL
BARNACLE BARNEY

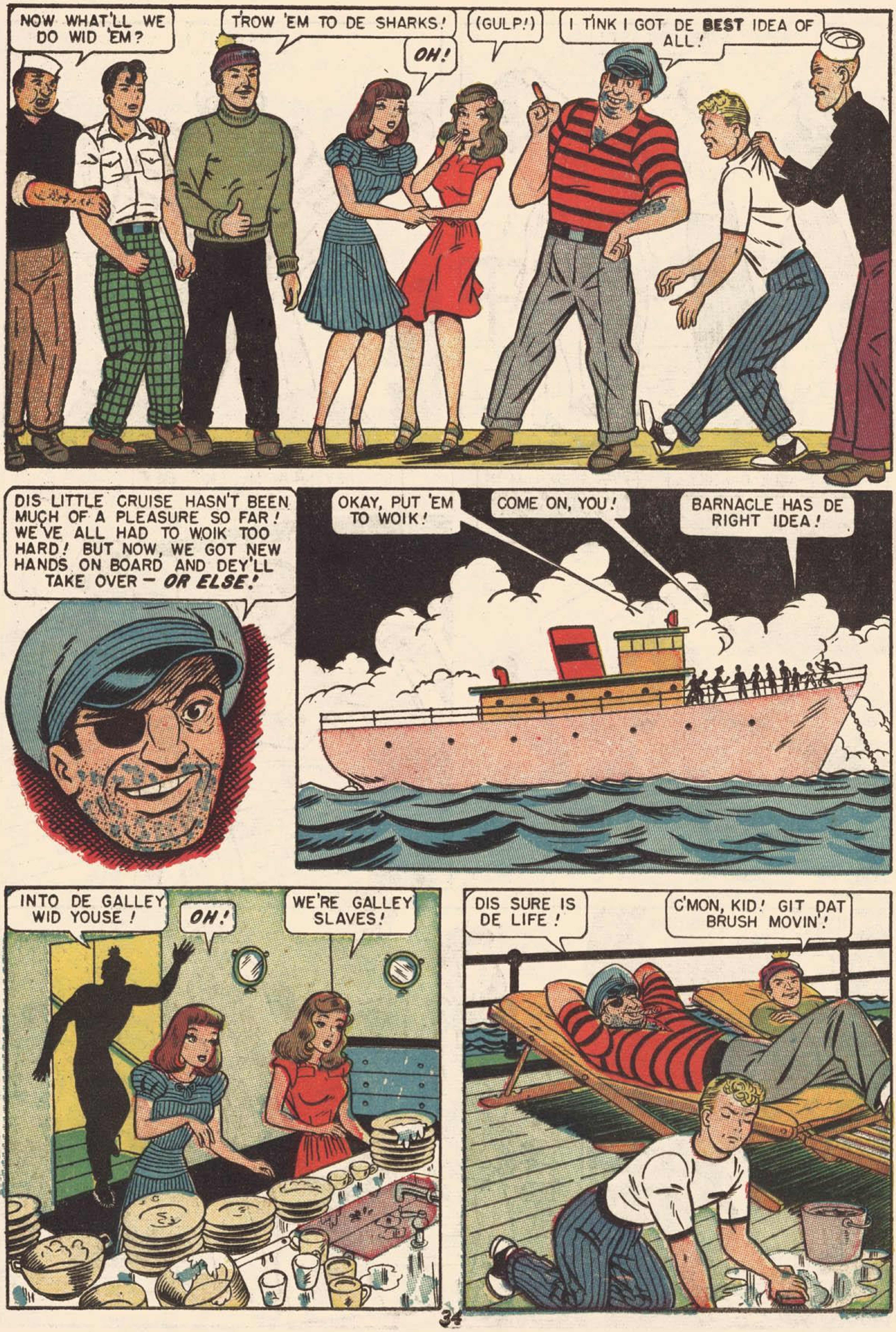

I'M TIRED! LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES!
HUH? OH— NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

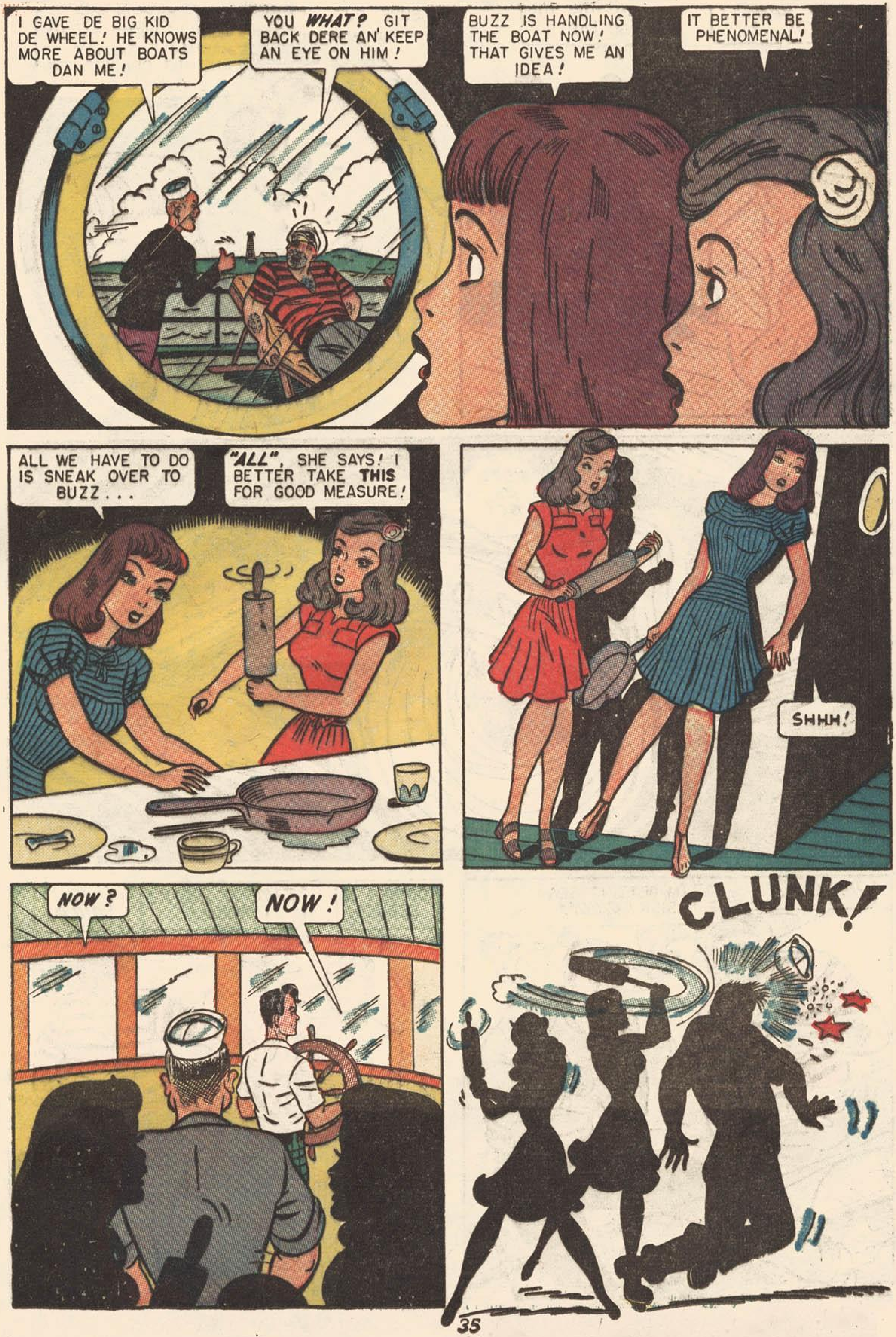

WHY, BUZZ BAXTER! I BELIEVE THOSE OLD FISH MEAN *MORE* TO YOU THAN *I* DO!
IT ISN'T THAT, PATSY! I JUST WANT TO MAKE A GOOD HAUL! PLEASE STAY, PLEASE!
WELL, YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OLD HAUL! I'M GOING HOME!
I THOUGHT YOU LIKED FISHING?
YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER ROWING ME HOME!
BUT I *WANT* TO!
LOOKS LIKE THAT FINISHES OUR FISHING TRIP, MICKEY!
GIRLS! *BAH!*
MR. BUZZ BAXTER IS GOING TO ROW *ALL* OF US HOME!
THAT DOESN'T MAKE *ME* FEEL BAD!
GOSH! THIS BOAT IS SURE *HEAVY!*
WHAT? HAVEN'T YOU *INSULTED* ME *ENOUGH* TODAY?

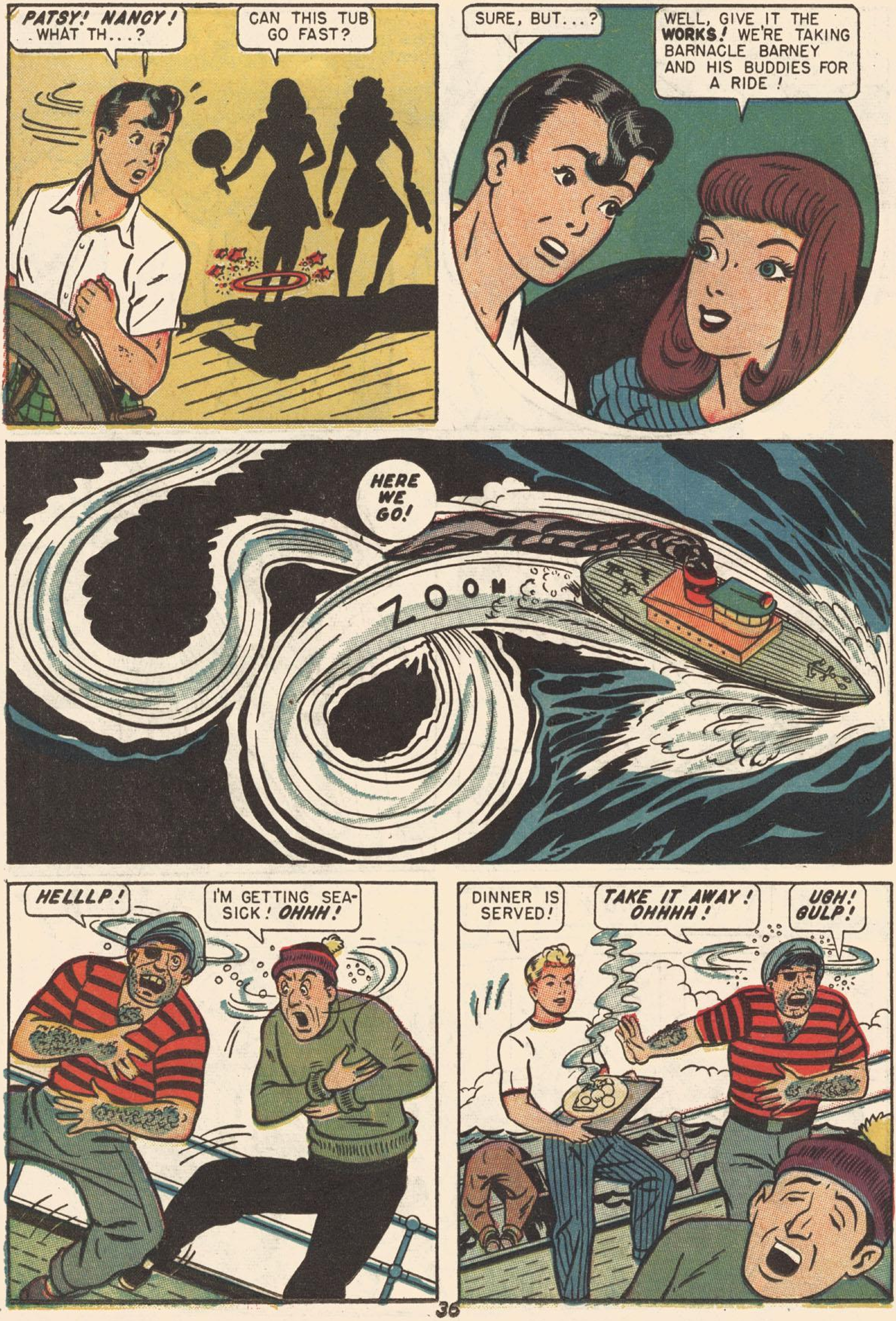

I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO TALK TO YOU, BUZZ BAXTER!
SIT DOWN, PATSY! YOU'RE TIPPING THE BOAT!
EEEEK!
HEY!
THAT ROPE IS TIPPING THEIR BOAT!
LOOK OUT!
HELP!
YEOW!
SUSIE-Q
BUZZ—QUICK! CLIMB UP ON THAT YACHT AND HELP US UP!
THAT'S IT, PATSY-- WE'RE HIGH AND DRY NOW!
HIGH, BUT NOT SO DRY--

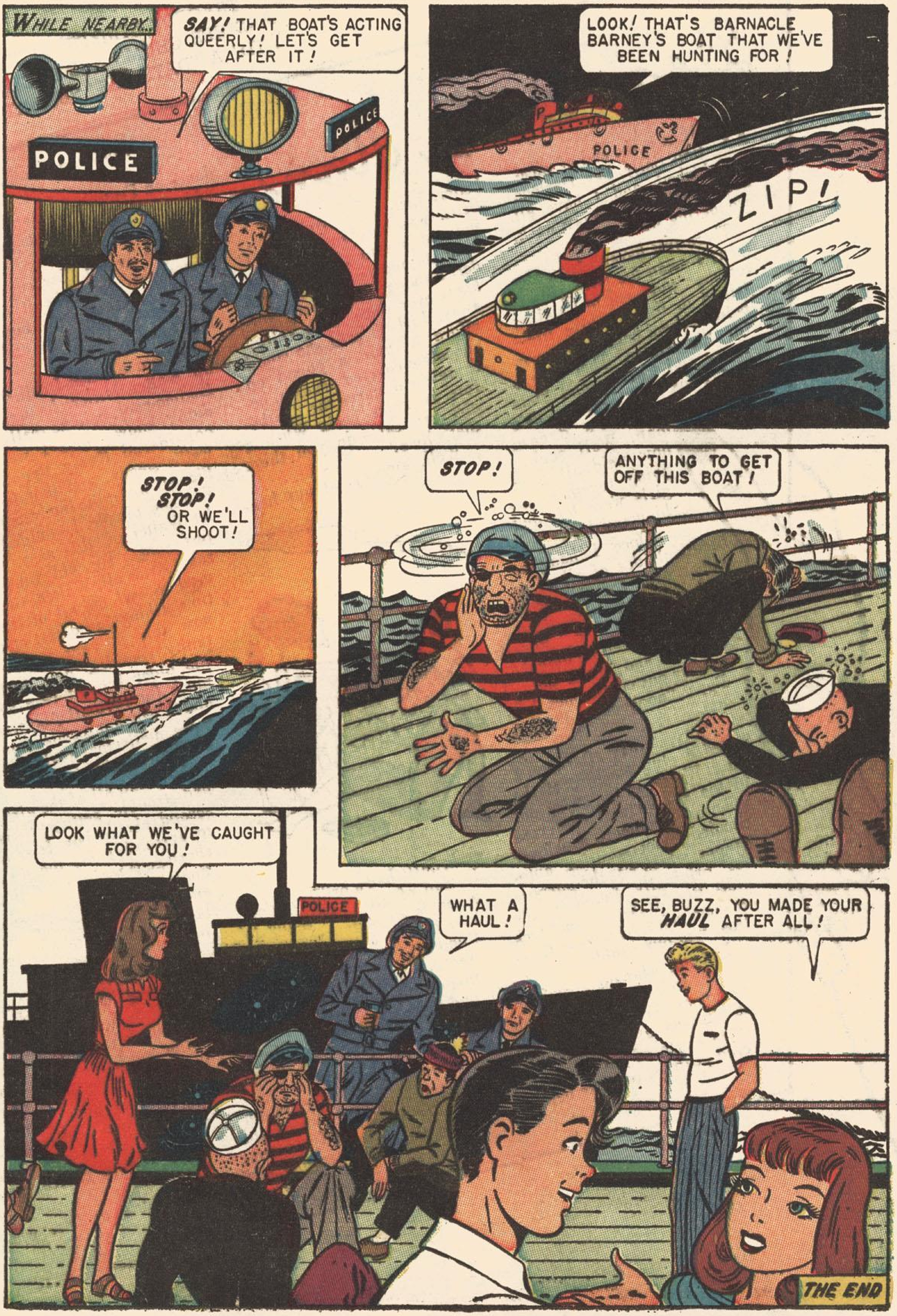


WHEW! SAFE AT LAST!
OH, YEAH ?
?
?
?
?
IT'S BARNACLE BARNEY!
I'VE SEEN HIM IN ***PICTURES*** – AND I ***DON'T*** MEAN MOVIES!
SO THEY KNOW ME, EH? ***GET 'EM, MEN!***
NICE WOIK, MEN! BRING 'EM TO ME!


NOW WHAT'LL WE DO WID 'EM?
TROW 'EM TO DE SHARKS!
OH!
(GULP!)
I TINK I GOT DE BEST IDEA OF ALL!
DIS LITTLE CRUISE HASN'T BEEN MUCH OF A PLEASURE SO FAR! WE'VE ALL HAD TO WOIK TOO HARD! BUT NOW, WE GOT NEW HANDS ON BOARD AND DEY'LL TAKE OVER — OR ELSE!
OKAY, PUT 'EM TO WOIK!
COME ON, YOU!
BARNACLE HAS DE RIGHT IDEA!
INTO DE GALLEY WID YOUSE!
OH!
WE'RE GALLEY SLAVES!
DIS SURE IS DE LIFE!
C'MON, KID! GIT DAT BRUSH MOVIN'!


I GAVE DE BIG KID DE WHEEL! HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT BOATS DAN ME!
YOU WHAT? GIT BACK DERE AN' KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!
BUZZ IS HANDLING THE BOAT NOW! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
IT BETTER BE PHENOMENAL!
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SNEAK OVER TO BUZZ...
"ALL", SHE SAYS! I BETTER TAKE THIS FOR GOOD MEASURE!
SHHH!
NOW?
NOW!
CLUNK!


PATSY! NANCY! WHAT TH...?
CAN THIS TUB GO FAST?
SURE, BUT...?
WELL, GIVE IT THE WORKS! WE'RE TAKING BARNACLE BARNEY AND HIS BUDDIES FOR A RIDE!
HERE WE GO!
ZOOM
HELLLP!
I'M GETTING SEA-SICK! OHHH!
DINNER IS SERVED!
TAKE IT AWAY! OHHHH!
UGH! GULP!


WHILE NEARBY...
SAY! THAT BOAT'S ACTING QUEERLY! LET'S GET AFTER IT!
POLICE
POLICE
LOOK! THAT'S BARNACLE BARNEY'S BOAT THAT WE'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR!
POLICE
ZIP!
STOP! STOP! OR WE'LL SHOOT!
STOP!
ANYTHING TO GET OFF THIS BOAT!
LOOK WHAT WE'VE CAUGHT FOR YOU!
POLICE
WHAT A HAUL!
SEE, BUZZ, YOU MADE YOUR HAUL AFTER ALL!
THE END

TRAGEDY STRIKES! VICKY AND HER CHUMS ARE FACED WITH A "DATELESS" SUMMER..

. . . UNTIL INIMITABLE VICKY TAKES OVER . . . THEN!!! WELL, READ ON . . .

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Betty Ann—

HERE it is the end of vacation. Sally, Bev, Darlene and Lizbeth and I have all been restless for the last week, wondering what to do.

There just haven't been any men; I mean the boys ganged together and went to Catalina Island to live a native life—before school hemmed them in for the winter. That means Rusty and Charles and Slats and Punk and Velroy—he's Lizbeth's dream man. Well seeing how we'd all been going together, we girls were left—but high and dry.

Once I had the beautiful idea of all of us going over for the week-end and surprising them, but Pops said "No." Pops is so final. Then we thought of Pops and Moms going over as our chaperones, but Pops "nooooooooed" that too.

So yesterday afternoon I called a club meeting of the gang. We sat in the swing out in the garden and conferred upon our problems, which are decidedly not securing autographs, which was the purpose for originally founding the club. But MEN—and our lack of them, with the boys at Catalina, was our problem!

Lizbeth, who diets to keep her figure, so she can keep Velroy as her steady date, was so blue she sat and ate up fifty cents worth of chocolate covered peanuts, to make her feel better. Lizbeth, as you know, Betts, was once so fat and I induced her to reduce. She's been staying reasonably slender, although not exactly willowy, ever since. With Velroy away, Lizbeth said she could afford to gain a pound on chocolate covered peanuts, because she'd starve the day before he came back. When a girl can eat—do you think that's love?

Well, anyway, at our hen-sesh, Sally had a brilliant idea. Instead of all of us going to a movie or swimming, Sally said that it would be simply wonderful if we pooled our wealth and gave a party, and invited the boys we liked second best, most of whom we haven't seen since last spring at Hollywood High.

Sounded great and we began wondering where we could give the party. Sally remembered the church supper and dance on Friday night, and why not take advantage of it?

It was agreed. Bev suggested that we make it a girls' party and we'd buy the tickets and call for and take the boys.

Of course, when I called up Walter Miller, he was Eskimo-cool. Said he really didn't know, since I was considered Rusty Bramwell's steady, and that he himself was quite interested in a new blonde. I wouldn't let Walter off that easy. I just said, "for old times sake. After all, Walter, you used to call me all of the time asking for dates, and now this is your opportunity. Besides, now that I'm older I don't care so much for football players, and I can appreciate your more intellectual qualities." So Walter said okay.

Sally and all of the girls had trouble getting their second choice boy friends to agree. I guess the men shortage is really acute. But finally everything was set, and Sally's Pops let her borrow his car to call for our respective dates.

Betts, you'll never know. Of course Walter Miller doesn't shatter me, not at all. But I was sweet and polite and helped him into the back seat. Sally's date was sort of smart-alecky, cracking jokes back to Walter, about whether he liked being second choice, and everything.

A date's a date, when your favorite boy friend is away, so Sally and I exceeded ourselves in being especially cheerful. We were wearing our long formals, my blue net and Sally's rose print, and we tried to be very entertaining. Except two blocks from the church—a tire blew.

Wouldn't you just know. And what did Walter and Sally's date do? Well, they just sat there, and said they were very sorry. They just sat there. And since Sally and I were escorting them, and it was our party, they let us get out and do what we could!

"Do you think they'll let us change a tire?" Sally said. We didn't have to wonder for long, because those two boys just sat waiting and didn't budge.

I was so mad I could scream. I tugged at the old tire, and Sally brought the jack, and we began to make believe we'd change the tire, expecting every minute the boys would stop us and fix it for us.

After all, a joke's a joke, son, but a joke can go too far. They just sat there and grinned, all of which made Sally and me so mad; so plain angry, we jacked up the car and began changing the tire ourselves. Everything was all right (except my temper) when Walter Miller, wouldn't you just know, up and sneezed! That unbalanced the jack and down went the car on its rim.

Sally and I, without another word began walking. We left those boys sitting right there, while we walked to the corner service station.

The truth is, Betts, when we returned with the station man, the boys were gone. He fixed the tire and said, "Looks like you girls chose some flimsy males to escort you—how about me?"

We couldn't say yes, since we didn't know him, but we told him where we'd be. And then Betts, Sally and I drove on to the dance. What do we see but Walter Miller and Sally's Slim dancing and having a good time!

I was never more mortified. When we called Walter and Slim aside we let them have it, and they said, "What did you expect? We were second choice. You women can't expect to shove men around for a year, and then just for some femme whim pick us up, because you need an escort to go to a dance! Let this be a lesson to you fickle dames. You two are no Hedy Lamarrs!"

Wellllll! I was never so insulted. And just like fate, when Sally and I were being wallflowers at our own party, in walked the nice service-station boy and his chum. They were dressed neatly, and they really looked awfully cute. We danced with them, which worried Walter Miller considerably, I could tell.

Anyway, he telephoned Pops, and asked him to call me to the telephone to tell me not to let those strange boys take us home. Which I didn't—so Walter Miller escorted me.

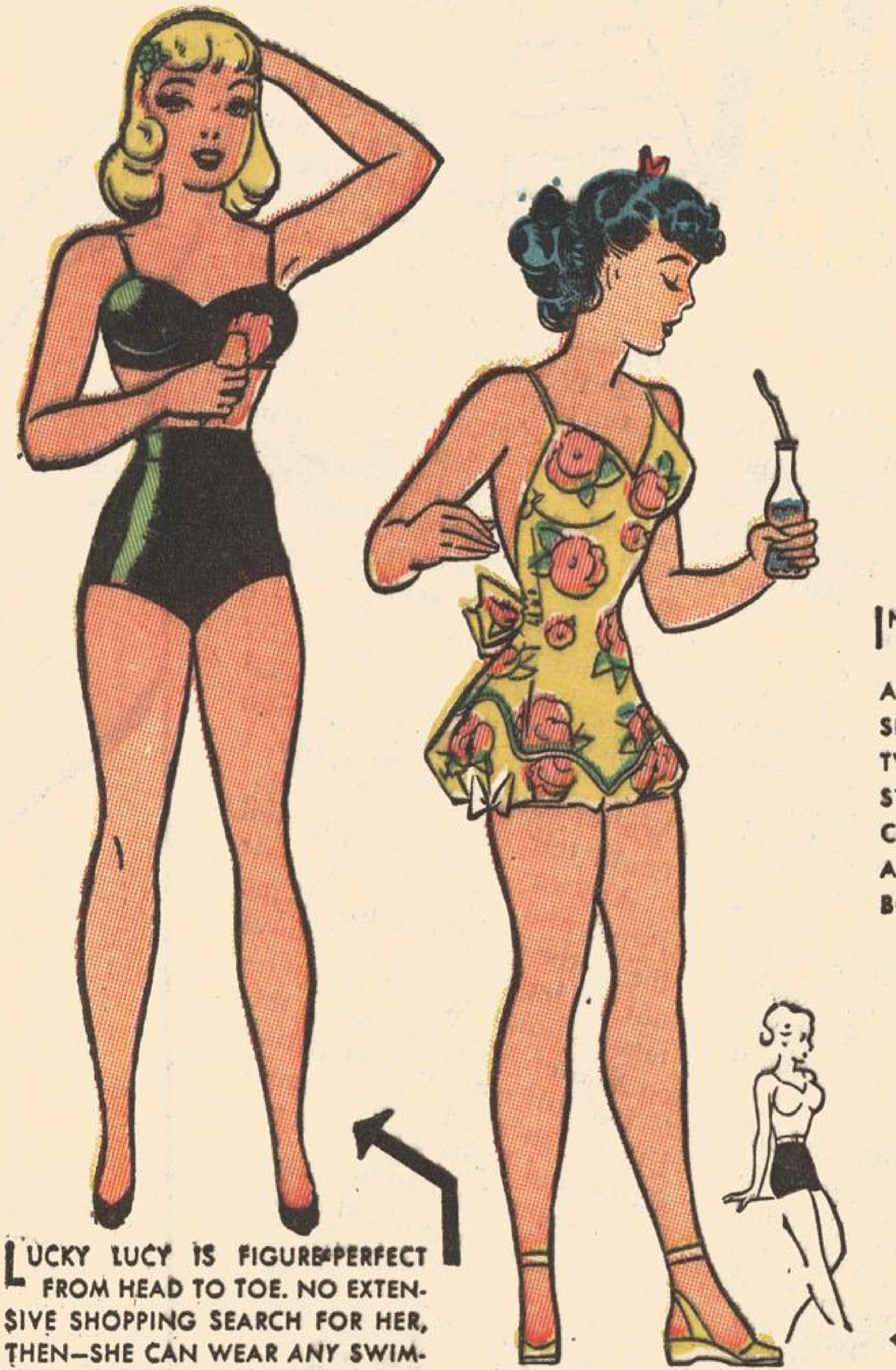
Isn't life complicated, Betts? I'll be so glad when school starts, and Rusty's here, where I can depend on him.

Your faithful and
devoted friend,

Vicky

Fashioned for You!

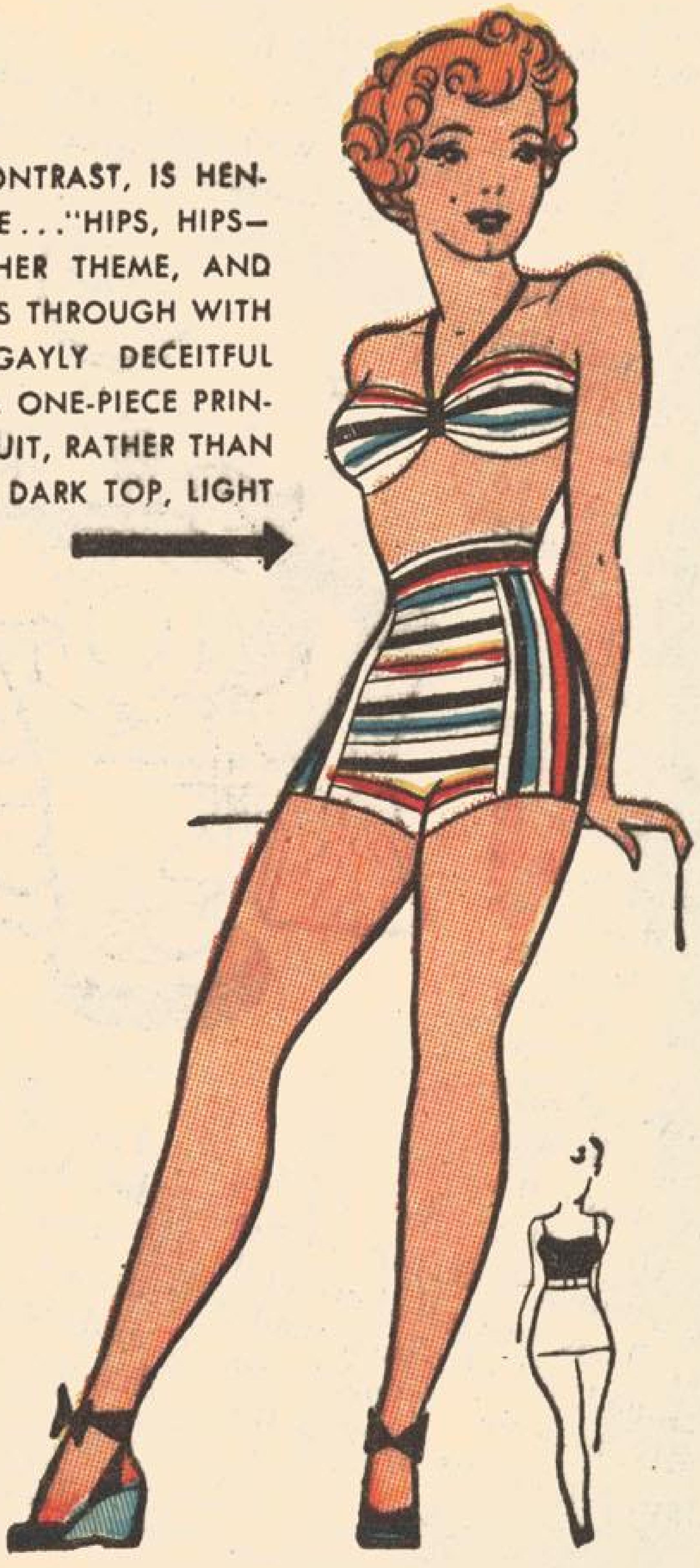
IN or out of the water, daughter, you'll *figure* neatly into things with the Shore Patrol! Fashion-firsts and water-wise, these suits are designed to "accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative" quantities — make you the belle of the beach! They're *sun*-sational!

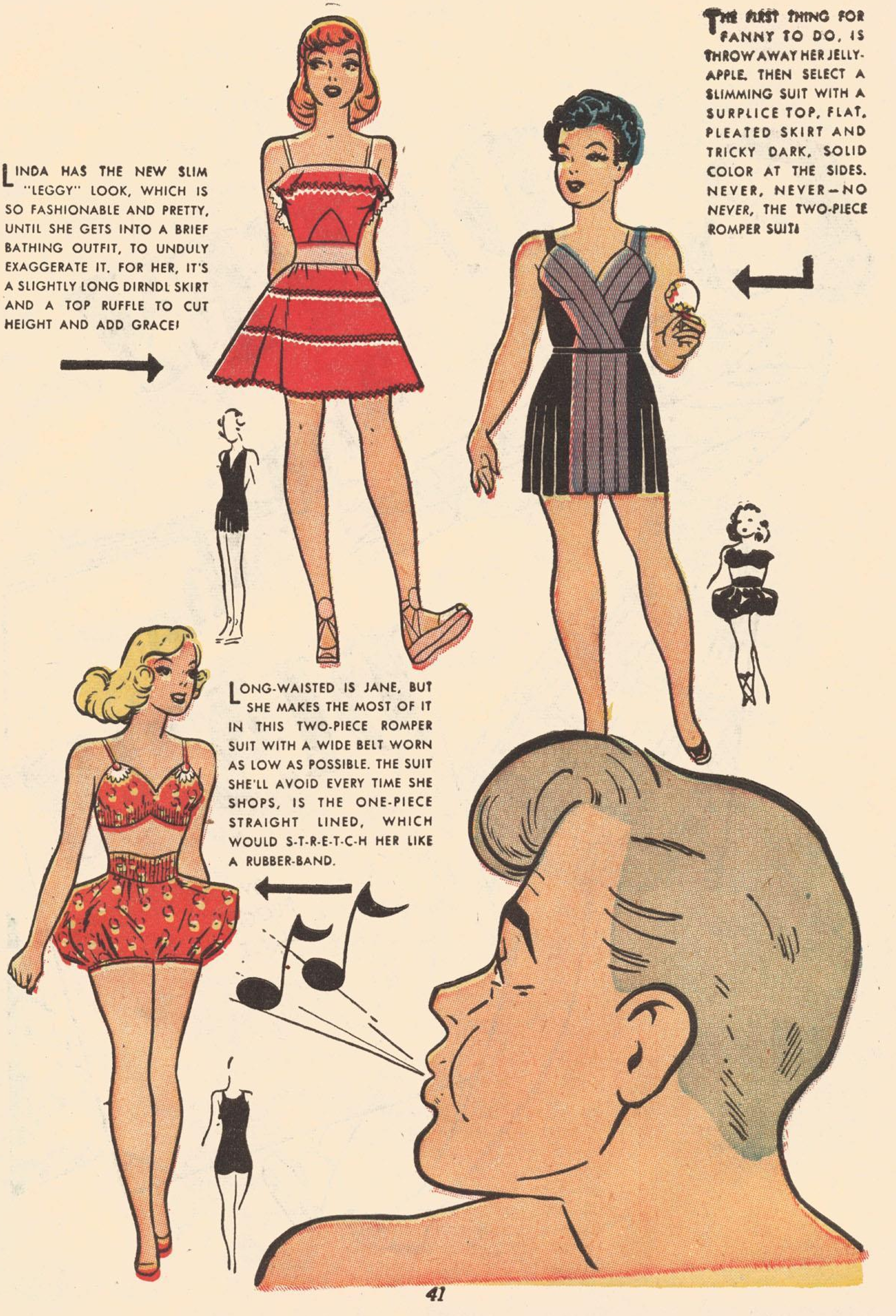


LUCKY LUCY IS FIGURE-PERFECT FROM HEAD TO TOE. NO EXTENSIVE SHOPPING SEARCH FOR HER, THEN—SHE CAN WEAR ANY SWIMSUIT! BUT SHE REALIZES HER "MAIDENLY GRACE" WILL BE SHOWN TO BEST ADVANTAGE IN A SIMPLE, UNADORNED TYPE OF SUIT. SLICK CHICK!

BETTY'S FIGURE-FAULT IS HER TENDENCY TOWARD A HEAVY BUST, SO SHE KEEPS TOP LINES SIMPLE, EVEN SEVERE; ADDS A FLARED SKIRT OR THE NEWER ROMPER BLOOMERS TO CREATE BALANCE. THE TWO-PIECE LIGHT TOP, DARK BOTTOM ARE NEVER IN SEASON FOR HER!

IN SHARP CONTRAST, IS HENNY'S FIGURE . . . "HIPS, HIPS—AWAY!" IS HER THEME, AND SHE FOLLOWS THROUGH WITH TWO-WAY, GAYLY DECEITFUL STRIPES OR A ONE-PIECE PRINCESS STYLE SUIT, RATHER THAN A ONE-PIECE DARK TOP, LIGHT BOTTOM.

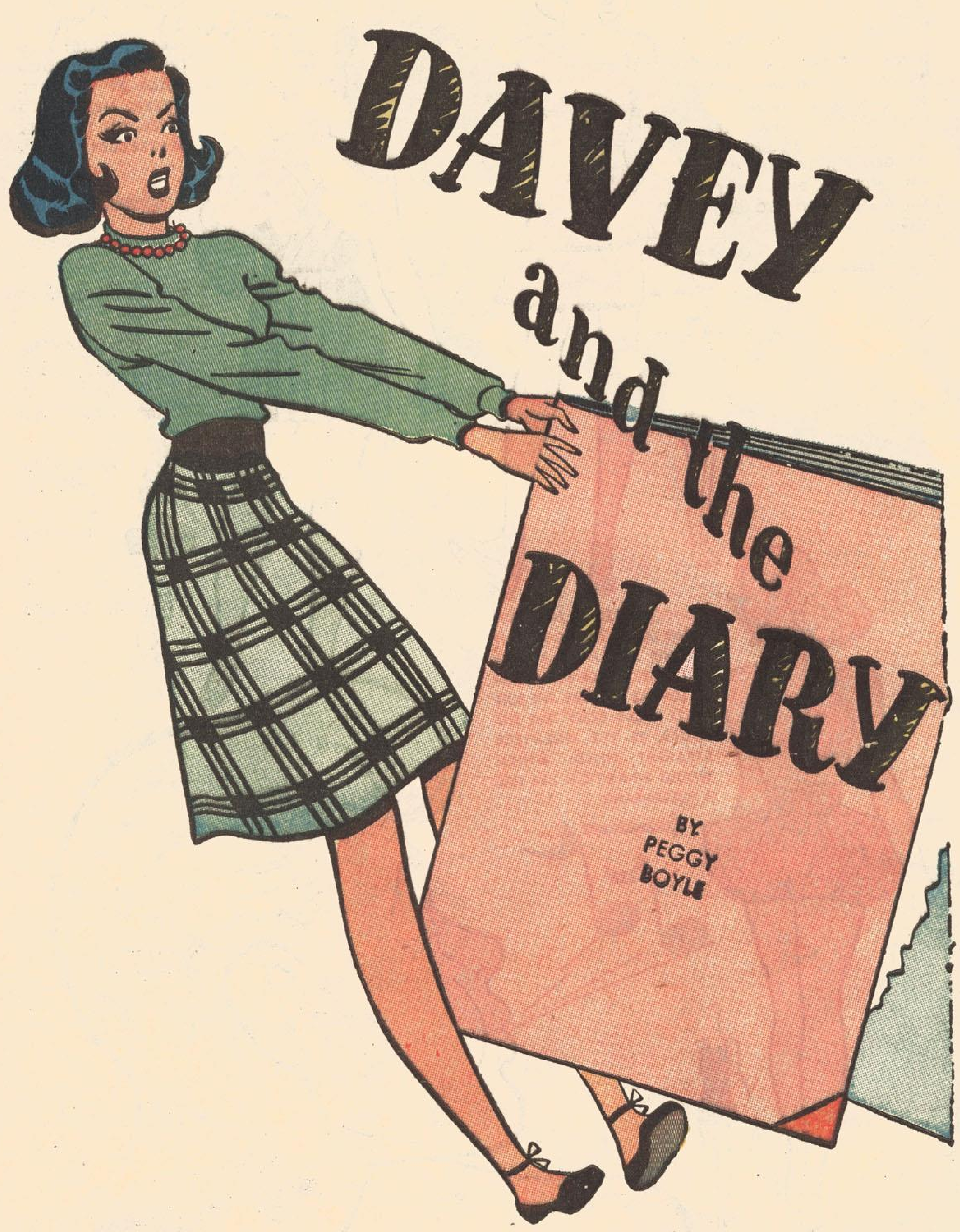




LINDA HAS THE NEW SLIM "LEGGY" LOOK, WHICH IS SO FASHIONABLE AND PRETTY, UNTIL SHE GETS INTO A BRIEF BATHING OUTFIT, TO UNDULY EXAGGERATE IT. FOR HER, IT'S A SLIGHTLY LONG DIRNDL SKIRT AND A TOP RUFFLE TO CUT HEIGHT AND ADD GRACE!

THE FIRST THING FOR FANNY TO DO, IS THROW AWAY HER JELLY-APPLE. THEN SELECT A SLIMMING SUIT WITH A SURPLICE TOP, FLAT, PLEATED SKIRT AND TRICKY DARK, SOLID COLOR AT THE SIDES. NEVER, NEVER—NO *NEVER*, THE TWO-PIECE ROMPER SUIT!

LONG-WAISTED IS JANE, BUT SHE MAKES THE MOST OF IT IN THIS TWO-PIECE ROMPER SUIT WITH A WIDE BELT WORN AS LOW AS POSSIBLE. THE SUIT SHE'LL AVOID EVERY TIME SHE SHOPS, IS THE ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT LINED, WHICH WOULD S-T-R-E-T-C-H HER LIKE A RUBBER-BAND.



DAVEY and the DIARY

BY PEGGY BOYLE

I had just been jotting down some frank comments about things and people in my diary, when I happened to look up and noticed Davey lounging in my doorway. Naturally, I closed the little black book in a hurry.

Davey's my kid brother, twelve years old, and the possessor of a fantastic sense of humor. When he turns that toothy grin on you, you don't smile back; you quake inwardly and wait for something awful to occur. It's not much better when he favors you with a far-away frown, either. That means his present diabolical plans don't measure up to his standard, and he's aprowl for bigger and better catastrophes. All in all, I've often thought that little brothers, especially the Davey kind, should be outlawed. But there's no telling Davey that, of course!

"Spilling it to the diary again, huh?" he observed. His voice was listless and disinterested.

"None of your business, demon," I warned sternly. He didn't react, but just stood there looking wistful. I wondered if he was sick.

"Nance," he said, "I'm in a spot."

"Can that be?" I said in a sisterly way. "Well let's hear about it."

"Look," he leaned toward me confidentially. "I got to have a baseball glove by Saturday, on account of us Rockets are playing the Stone Street gang. I've got two and a half bucks saved up, but,"—he paused wistfully—"it costs three bucks."

"In other words," I computed, "you need fifty cents."

"Four bits," he said hopefully.

"That's easy," I said. "Ask Dad for it."

Davey kicked his toe into the rug. "Dad's sore at me," he said, "about Mrs. Miller's cat."

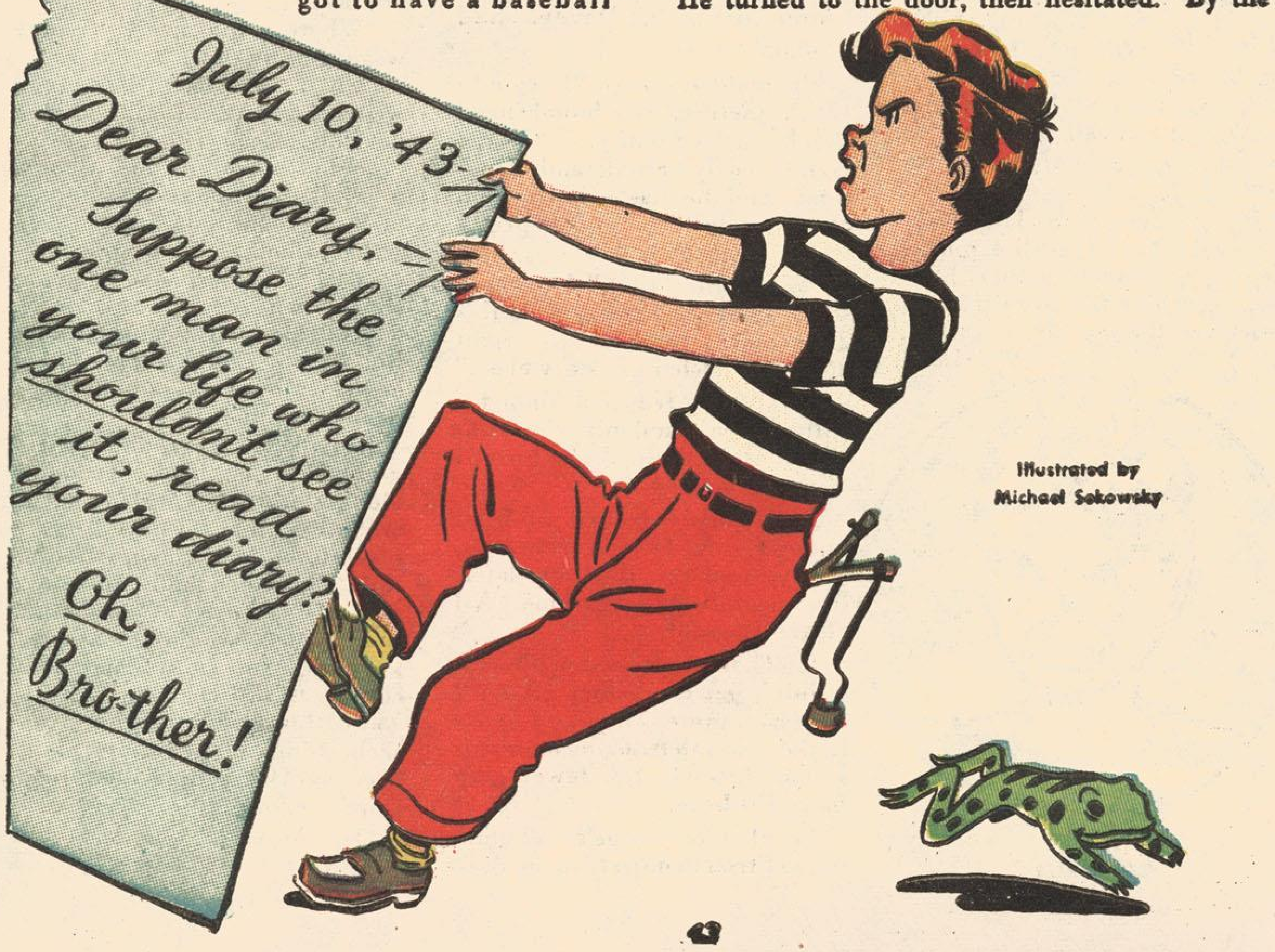
"Oh, yes!" I recalled that incident. Only Davey would think of cutting his initials into a defenseless cat's fur. "Well, I don't know, then. I haven't got fifty cents."

"Aw, come on, Nance! You can dig up four bits easy."

"Sorry!" I said firmly. Davey didn't realize how expensive it is to be a girl these days. Besides, I was remembering the time he hung a dead garden snake on my bedlamp—and I had grabbed it instead of the chain!

Davey kicked his toes into the rug some more, and sulked a bit; but I wouldn't be argued out of my half dollar. I figure people aren't firm enough with kids these days, especially kids like Davey.

"Well," he said, "if that's the way you feel..." He turned to the door, then hesitated. "By the


July 10, '43.
Dear Diary,
Suppose the one man in your life who shouldn't see it, read your diary?
Oh, Brother!

Illustrated by Michael Sokowsky

way," he said in a weak voice, "there's something I ought to tell you."

"Oh, oh!" I felt a sort of quiver in my spine.

"You know that stuff you wrote in your diary about George Adams?"

"Davey! You haven't been reading my diary again?" I was on the verge of committing mayhem.

"Oh, sure," he said easily. "I do all the time. Anyway, I met George the other day at the ballpark. He bought me a bottle of pop." He paused, then added darkly. "We had quite a talk!"

I felt my knees shaking. "You didn't tell him . . . what I said . . . in the diary?"

Davey looked at me apologetically. "I just thought you might like to know," he said.

I looked around for a weapon to murder the brat with, but before I found it, he'd vanished.

It was awful! Imagine having your most private opinions about a person like George Adams read by a thoroughly irresponsible kid brother, and, even worse, having him quote said remarks to said George! Nothing, I decided, could be more sick-making. Moreover, I decided that nothing, positively *nothing*, could ever prevail upon me to go back to school and face George!

Monday morning I bravely marched off to face the music, though I'd much rather have been marching to the guillotine! I survived the morning all right, simply because George is in none of my morning classes. At each change of classrooms, I'd slink through the corridors with an air halfway between that of an escaped convict and an Indian scout. It did violence to my nerves, but somehow I lived through it.

DAVEY . . .
THAT'S ALL!

At noon, Betty Lou (my best friend) and I adjourned to the basement cafeteria for lunch. She stared at me as I peered cautiously through the glass doors before entering.

"What's the matter?" she queried. "The principal on your trail?"

"I only wish he *were*," I sighed. "Wait till I tell you!"

We chose a table in an alcove and I squeezed into the corner, posting Betty Lou on the outside. "Now keep an eye peeled for George Adams," I instructed her, "and if you see him coming this way, let me know."

Betty Lou gave with an arch smile. "So!" she said, nodding sagely.

"Oh, you don't understand," I groaned. "Let me tell you . . ." And tell her I did, outlining the horrible throes into which my blood brother, Davey, had plunged me.

She nodded slowly. "I begin to get the picture." Her blonde head shook in sympathy. "'George is tall, curly-haired, and handsome, and he has a lovely tan, etcetera, etcetera.' This is pretty awful, Nance!"

"Worse than that," I insisted. "And what am I going to do this afternoon? George sits right across the aisle in History class."

Betty Lou frowned thoughtfully; then suddenly she stiffened. "He's coming," she hissed! "George is coming!"

Frantically I ducked my head under the table to search for a non-existent spoon. Hours later, it seemed, Betty kicked me. "All clear," she said.

. . . That afternoon I made sure I didn't get to History class till the last minute. The way I figure is, the less embarrassing moments I live through, the fewer gray hairs I'll have.

I could feel George's eyes upon me as I trod demurely to my desk and sat down. Immediately I opened my textbook and glued my eyes tightly on some unreadable print. When Mr. Summers began to speak, I transferred my gaze to him and watched in rapt attention each word that fell from his lips. I guess he was pleased—anyway, I got a ninety in that week's quiz.

Leaving the classroom, I couldn't resist flicking one look at George. There was a curious, speculative gleam in his eye, and I'm afraid my face turned a bright red. I hurried down the hall, trying to understand why society didn't do something about brothers like Davey.

When the final bell rang at four, I dashed out of the study hall and down the school steps, not even waiting for Betty Lou. I couldn't take a chance on another encounter with George.

I was swinging rapidly along when I heard running footsteps behind me. "Hey, Nance!" That voice could belong to only *one* person!

For a second, I thought of making a run for it; then I decided to face the situation. I thrust out my chin belligerently, and waited.

"Where's the fire?" George was grinning down at me.

"Uh, I have to go home and write a theme," I alibied desperately.

"What a bookworm," George marvelled. "How about stopping at Pop's for a soda first?"

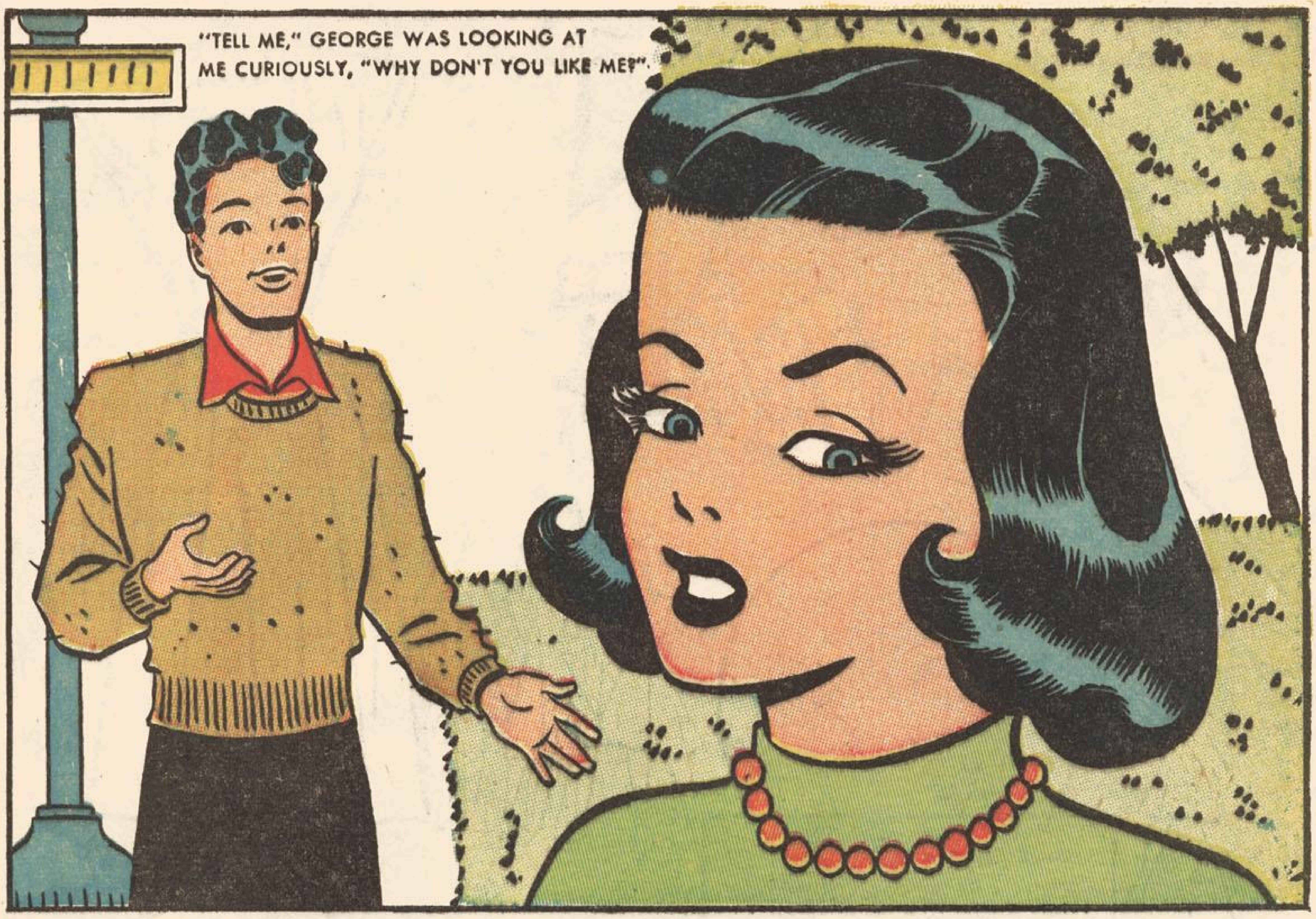
"No, thanks," I said primly.

"Oh, come on! We'll have a chocolate float."

Well, after all, I couldn't have him thinking I was afraid of him, could I? And I couldn't keep running away forever.

I nodded weakly, and George grabbed for my books. Trudging along glumly, I reflected that at any other time I'd have been in seventh heaven, having George walk me home and buy me a soda. Of course, at any other time George wouldn't have noticed me. Now he was naturally curious to see what kind of silly goose this girl was, who wrote such things in her diary about him as Davey had described. Davey—grrr!

"By the way," George said as we sat in a booth at Pop's, "I


"TELL ME," GEORGE WAS LOOKING AT ME CURIOUSLY, "WHY DON'T YOU LIKE ME?"

saw your kid brother the other day."

I felt a tingle run along my scalp. Surely George was too much of a gentleman to mention the diary business!

"Oh?" I said, then tried hard to change the subject. "Don't you think Mr. Summers is a wonderful teacher? And isn't history a fascinating subject?"

This might have developed into a nice, safe conversation, but it *didn't;* for just then the waitress interrupted, to shove two floats in front of us.

"He's getting to be quite a ball player," George resumed.

"He is?" I cast about wildly for some other topic. "Are you going out for football next fall?"

"Maybe," George said. He sampled the float. "Davey's been telling me some funny things about you," he added meditatively.

"Is that so?" Well, here it was! I wondered if I should flatly deny everything Davey had said; then I decided to temporize. "He's quite an imaginative kid, you know!"

"Tell me," George was looking at me curiously, "why don't you like me?"

"Why *don't* I like you?" I repeated blankly. What was he talking about?

"Yes, what makes you think I'm conceited? Maybe I am," he added, "but I don't mean to be."

I shook my head in amazement. "Where," I demanded, "did you get *that* idea?"

George looked at me accusingly. "Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this," he said, "but Davey says you keep a diary, and that he read it one day, and that that's what it says!"

I felt as if the world had turned upside-down!

"Now maybe," George continued, "you're right, but I've been wondering ever since Davey told me — what gave you *that* idea?"

I struggled for breath. "Davey," I repeated, "is a very imaginative boy!"

"Do you think," George insisted, "that if you knew me better, you might change your mind? For instance, I've got a couple of theatre tickets for Saturday night, and I'd like to prove to you that I'm not such a bad guy."

After I'd taken a deep breath and pinched myself a few times, I managed to say, with a certain amount of maidenly reserve, "Well, I guess you're entitled to a fair trial!"

. . . I was waiting for Davey when he came in. He faced me with some slight trepidation.

"Davey," I said sweetly, "I had a long talk with George Adams this afternoon."

Davey grinned uncertainly.

"Do you still need fifty cents for your baseball glove?"

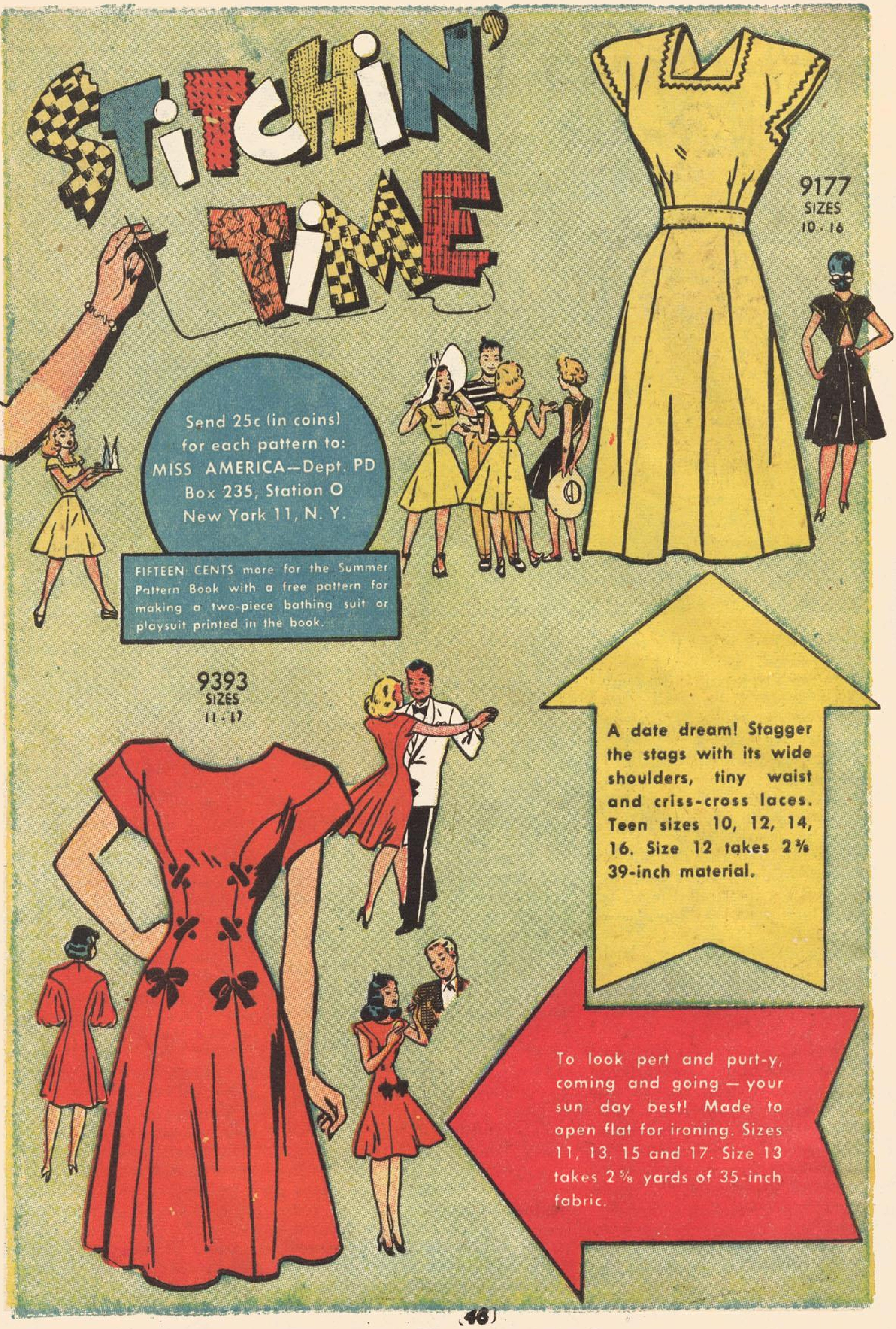
He nodded eagerly.

"Here," I said, "is my last dollar. Go take in a movie while you're at it. Only promise," I looked at him solemnly, "that you'll *never* read my diary again, or misquote it!"

"Oh, sure, Nance," he said, and scuttled out of the house in a great hurry.

Whereupon I went up to my room to add this chapter in my little black book. Just as I was opening my bureau drawer, a large green and yellow frog jumped out at me, and I jumped ten feet!

Oh, well, the way I figure, a kid brother is a kid brother . . . only Davey is *more* so! THE END



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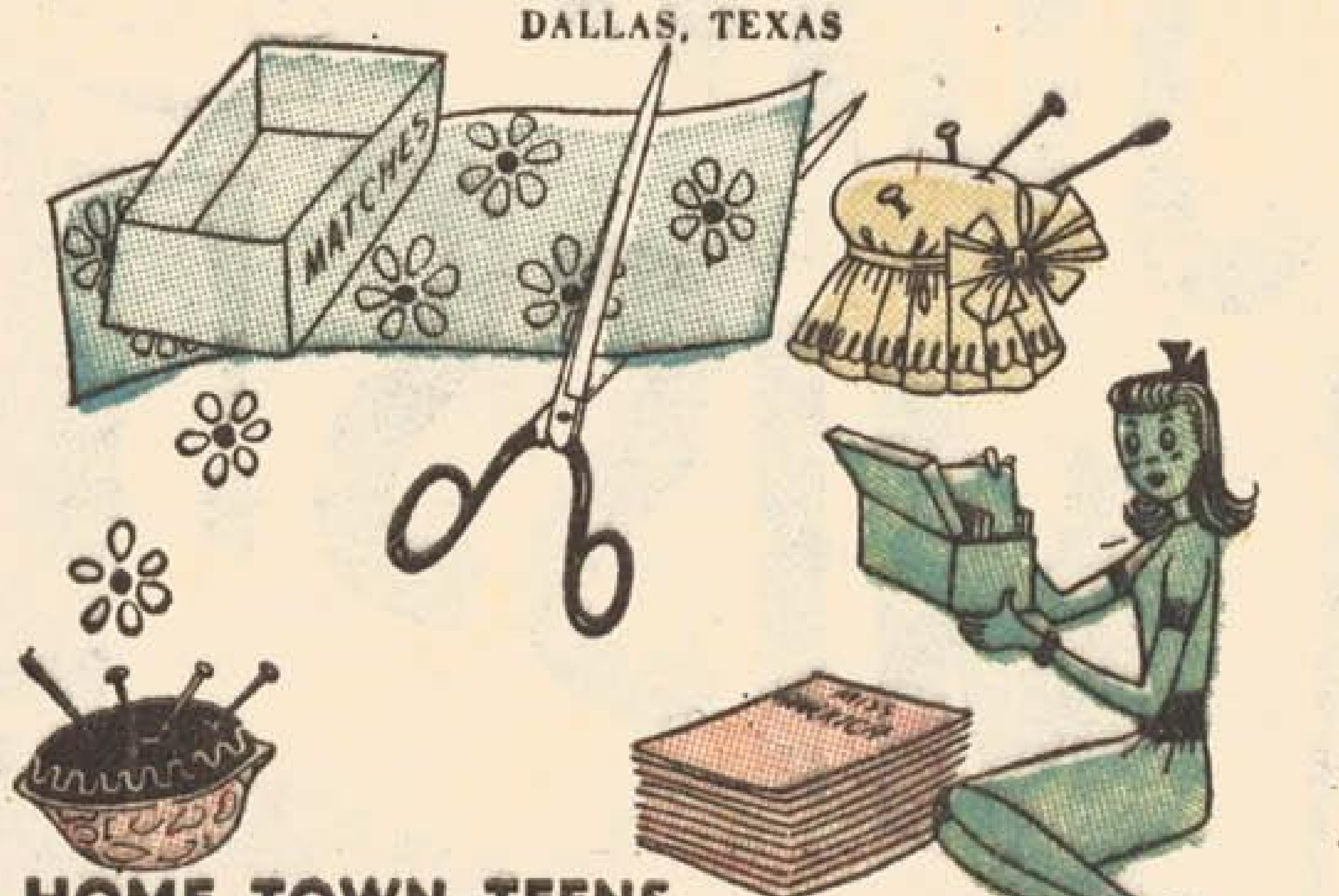
FAN FARE

"I've been getting MA since 'way back, and it's really become one of the family. I have so many copies now, that I've made a file of each issue. I have a little white card with the month on it, and then underneath various headings: PARTIES, COOKING, BEAUTY TIPS, etc. and the page on which they appear. Whenever I want to give a party, for instance, all I do is look up the various pages I have listed for each."

SUE GOODMAN
DALLAS, TEXAS



HOME TOWN TEENS

"Although many people say opportunities are limited for young girls in a small town, I do not agree. I've done many interesting things here in Huron. For instance, I've worked my way up from a majorette in the ranks to head drum-majorette of the Erie Co. Band, and the Huron High School, twirling two batons. Along with this, I have been chosen to instruct 14 majorettes in the art of baton-twirling; and I also teach small children at my home, privately."

ELAINE MEYER
HURON, OHIO

NEEDLES AND PINS

"Take an empty half walnut shell, and stuff it with cotton. Put a piece of printed material over it, and you've a place for your needles and pins. Now—for a place for the pincushion: you can fashion a teeny sewing kit from a matchbox, covered with pretty paper or material."

CHARLOTTE ALME
LODI, WISCONSIN

POPULAR PRESENT

"Get an old powder box and fill it with sawdust or cotton. Cover it with a plain material to form a skirt for it and tie a bright ribbon around the top. It makes a lovely pincushion and a dandy present. It's super when you embroider your favorite girl-friends' names on the skirt."

CAROLYN SCHROEDER
EASTON, PA.

TRINKET TRAY

"For a cute trinket tray, take an old victrola record and place it over a rather wide tin can—so that the center of the record is directly over the center of the can. Set the can in a moderately warm oven for a little while. The heat will cause the record to soften and drape itself around the can. Remove the record and allow it to cool and harden. It looks attractive with its fluted edge. You may shellac it if you wish."

PATSY WHEELER

PARTY LINES

"My favorite party is a 'Dagwood' one. I think all teen-agers will love it, and you can throw one very inexpensively. Here's how: set your table with mother's oldest cloth or mats (in case of spilling). In the liquid line, have whatever your gang likes. The main attractions are the following: bread, lettuce, tomatoes, cheese, peanut butter, cold cuts, jelly, mayonnaise, etc. Set out anything and everything, that could go in a sandwich, from pickles to potato chips. Give each guest a knife, fork and spoon and let them go to work making their own sandwiches. Goodness, the masterpieces they'll turn out and the hilarious time they'll have doing it! You might give prizes for the most original, tasty and horrible. But make a rule at first that everyone has to eat what he makes. No tolerating waste these days!"

NANCY DEPASS
CAMDEN, S. C.

HOT WEATHER COOLER

"All you have to have is:

1 egg
3 tbs. sugar
½ lemon
½ cup water
½ cup cracked ice

Beat the egg and sugar together until thick. Add water, ice and lemon. Mix and pour into a glass. For that extra flavor put a thin slice of lemon into the glass."

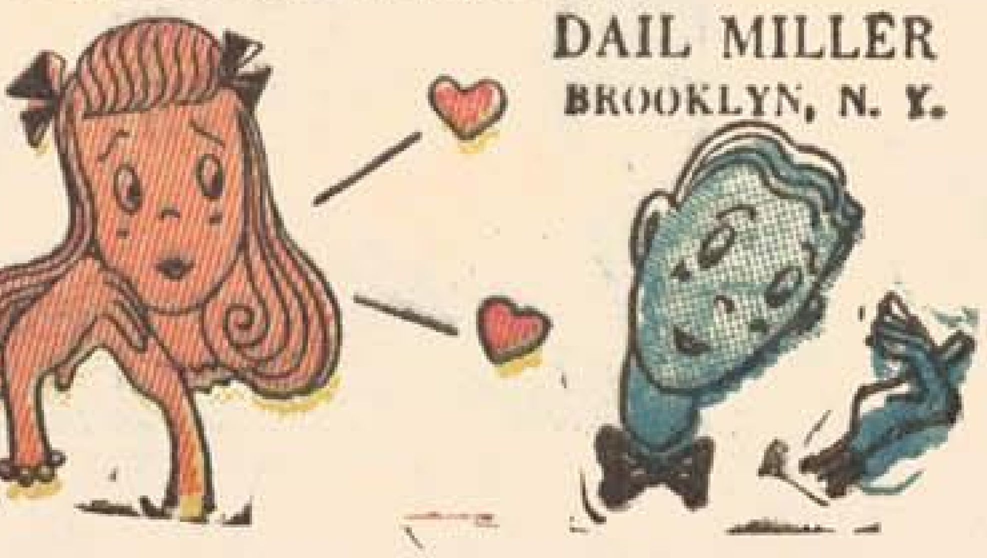
DOTTIE MAE PLUNKETT
CHINOOK, MONT.

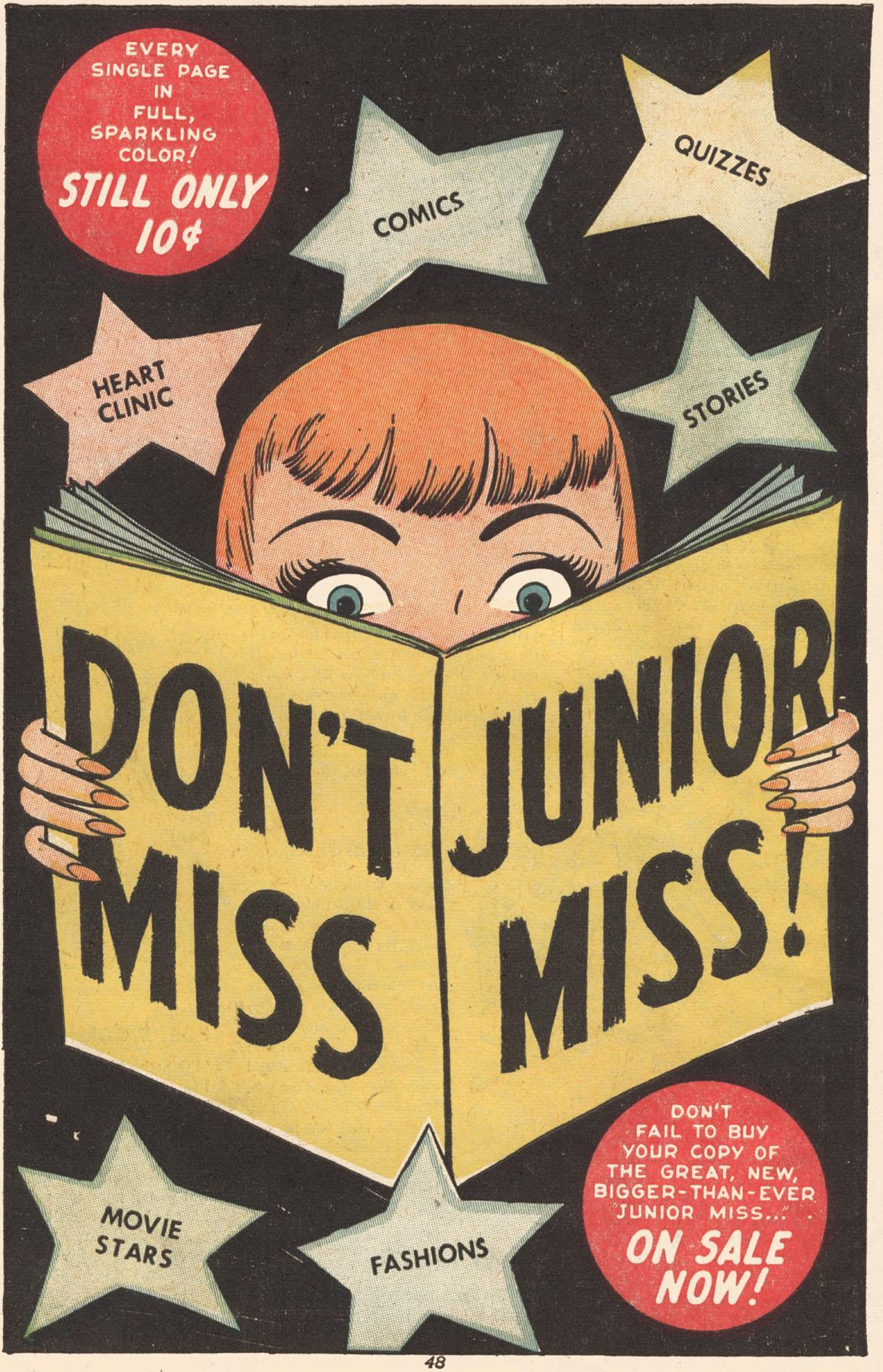
POET'S CORNER

"I've noticed he sings like Sinatra,
I've noticed his freckles like Van,
I've noticed his dimple like sigh-Guy,
And I know he's the ideal man.

I've noticed his hair, blond and wavy,
I've noticed blue eyes has he.
But what's more, I've noticed
That he hasn't noticed me!"

DAIL MILLER
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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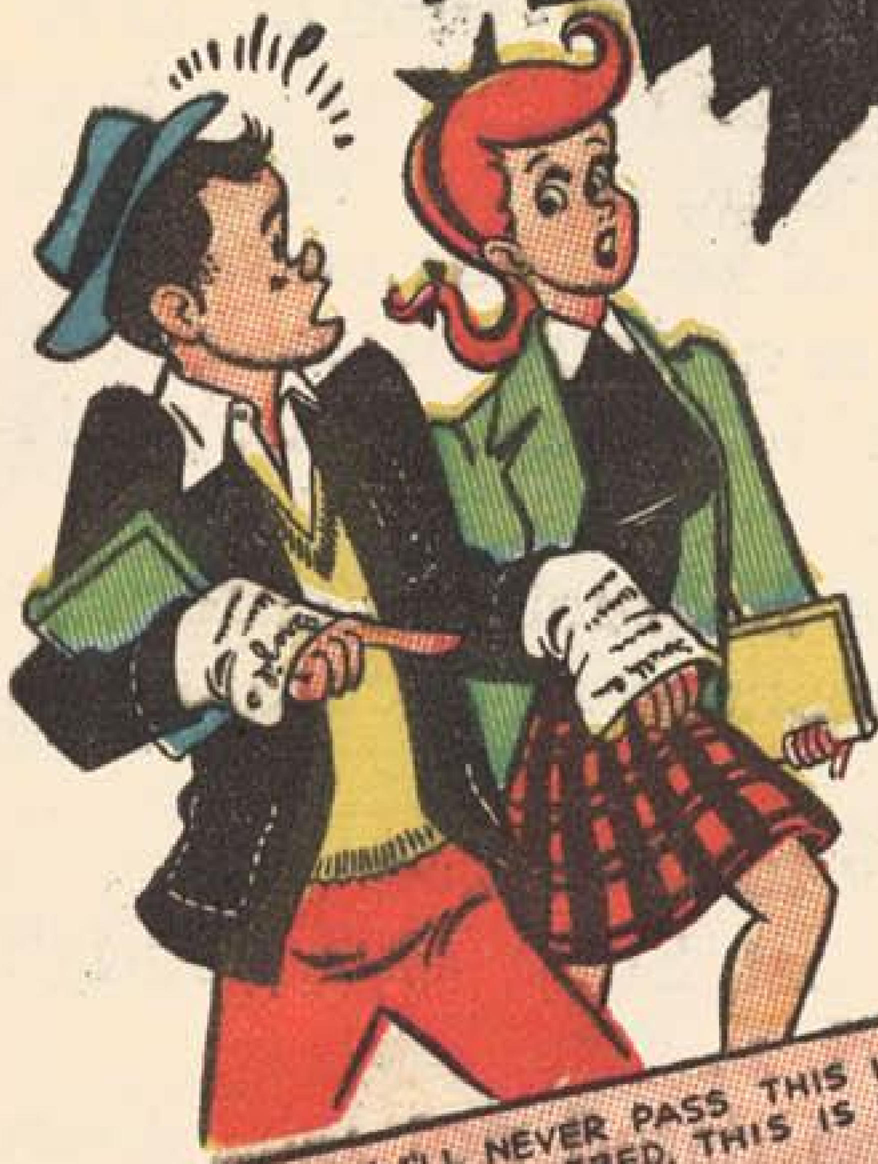
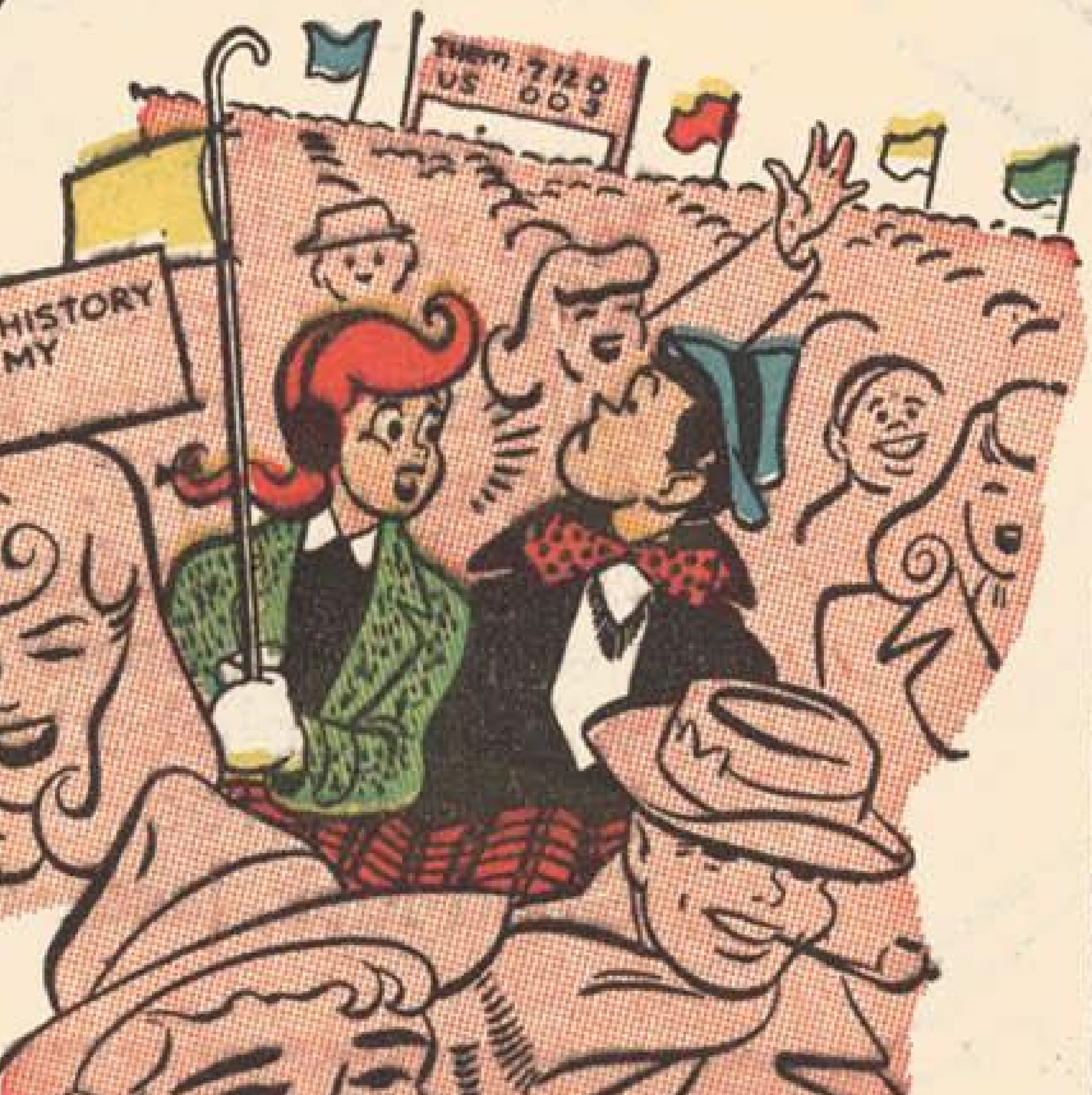
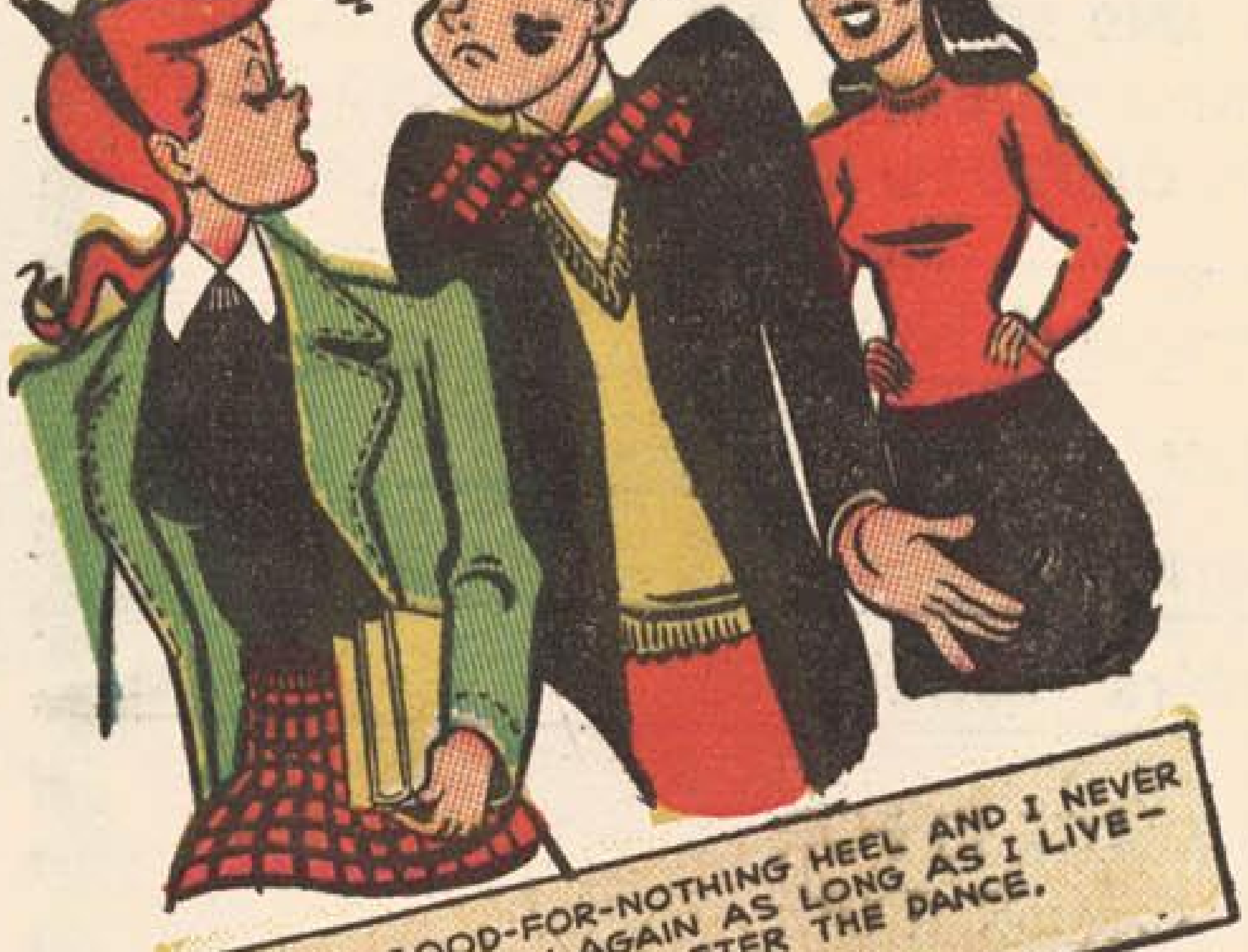


GOSH KITTY! I'LL NEVER PASS THIS HISTORY EXAM. I JUST DISCOVERED, THIS IS MY GEOGRAPHY SHIRT!



I JUST LOVE FOOTBALL! I HOPE IT'S A TIE, SO THEY'LL HAVE TO PLAY ANOTHER INNING!



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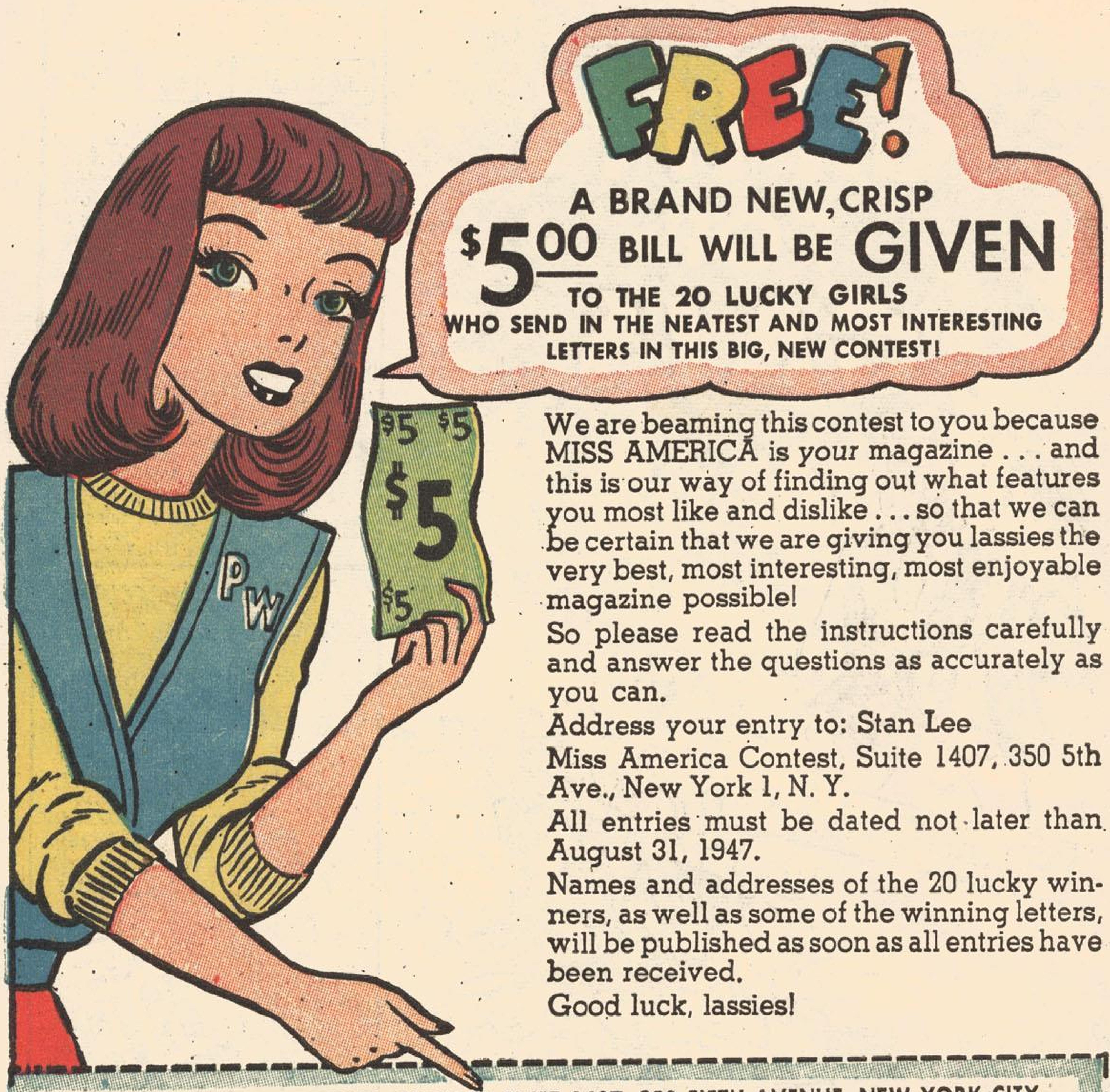
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We are beaming this contest to you because MISS AMERICA is *your* magazine . . . and this is our way of finding out what features you most like and dislike . . . so that we can be certain that we are giving you lassies the very best, most interesting, most enjoyable magazine possible!

So please read the instructions carefully and answer the questions as accurately as you can.

Address your entry to: Stan Lee
Miss America Contest, Suite 1407, 350 5th Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

All entries must be dated not later than August 31, 1947.

Names and addresses of the 20 lucky winners, as well as some of the winning letters, will be published as soon as all entries have been received.

Good luck, lassies!

to STAN LEE, MISS AMERICA CONTEST, SUITE 1407, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

I AM NUMBERING MY FAVORITE FEATURES IN MISS AMERICA IN THE ORDER THAT I LIKE THEM BEST. THE FEATURE NEXT TO WHICH I WRITE NUMBER 1 IS MY VERY TOP FAVORITE, NUMBER 2 IS SECOND, NUMBER 3 THIRD ON MY LIST AND SO ON. I AM ALSO ENCLOSING A LETTER, OF NOT MORE THAN 50 WORDS, WITH MY NAME, ADDRESS, AND AGE, AND TELLING WHAT CHANGES I WOULD MAKE IN MISS AMERICA IN ORDER TO IMPROVE IT!

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Part of Contents

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3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others: let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
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ADVICE TO MISS AMERICA READERS FOR

BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too *— in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only **ten days.** You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 181 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

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